The New Unity

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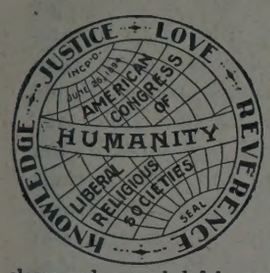

TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

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Editorial

O well for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong;
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,
Who seems a promontory of rock,
That compass'd round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

—Tennyson.

"SHALL churches have bill-boards? Will the preachers post their subjects along the streets?" have been questions recently agitated in the Chicago papers. The discussion shows at least that the connection between the multitude and church is slight, that people are not over-familiar with what is being done and said at the churches. Perhaps if some of the energy which spasmodically pours itself into fairs, shows, charity balls and bazaars were poured into the legitimate church life and work, there might be a better understanding between the public and the pulpit on Sunday.

WE do not in this department perhaps sufficiently note what is being done by our associates in other departments. In the coming Christmas time parents who have little children can go farther and fare worse than to secure for the little ones the altogether beautiful, helpful and timely sheets prepared by our associate A. W. Gould, entitled "Mother Nature's Children." Artistically and scientifically they speak for themselves, but it requires a sober second thought to realize how surely does the foundation of morals and religion rest not only upon an understanding of, but a love of the ways of nature. We commend them to parents.

IN the editorial department of the December number of *The Free Church Record*, the brave bi-monthly published at Tacoma, Washington, a veritable "voice in the wilderness preparing the way" for that larger thing which has yet come only in the hearts of a few thinkers, the truly open church of universal religion, there is a phrase from Phillips Brooks, most suggestive, "the Resultant Church." This title suggests a principle in physics, the combination of various forces moving on lines not exactly parallel, combining on a new line, continuing together. We see in the future a resultant force into which the many forces now making more or less clearly for freedom, fellowship, character and service in religion, have united and combined.

We congratulate our neighbor upon the completeness of its argument. We wish the "Universalist denomination" joy and prosperity in its proud vindication and look with some surprise at the apparently complacent way in which the brethren accept the inevitable, but we are glad that there are a few souls who are willing to go shares with the unlucky and give fellowship to the unfellowshipped. We rejoice in the privilege of working for the church that includes both the excluded and excluding, the great Universal church that carries in its heart among others the little "Universalist church" that is able to defend its universality by surveying the excluding rim of "its well established organization." This whole affair is instructive and useful but it calls to mind the anecdote which Dr. Pullman, at the last Liberal Congress, told of Stephen Pearl Andrews who said to P. T. Barnum, "You Universalists have squatted on the biggest word in the language and you must prove your title or else move off."

M. J. SAVAGE, in a recent sermon entitled "Some Lessons From the Life of O. B. Frothingham," gives prompt refutation to the insinuation published in a Boston paper soon after his death, widely copied, that Mr. Frothingham was a disappointed man and that in the later years of his life he retracted some of his radical opinions or at least gave up the quest and abandoned the expectation of the ultimate triumph of freedom in religion. Mr. Savage says: "There never came a time when Mr. Frothingham felt that he had said all he had to say or had lost confidence in the principle for which he stood. * * * He has grown more radical from day to day the longer he has lived; he has never retracted any of his opinions and if his work proves to have died out it is just as the dawn dies out when the sun rises."

ANOTHER determined effort is being made in Chicago to release the many thousand clerks of the city from Sunday toil, and some of the Chicago papers, particularly the *Record*, are doing the movement a signal service. It is gratifying to know that the arguments urged in this movement are sociological and not theological. The demands are made in the interest of men rather than upon an assumption that God exacts the homage. Thus interpreted, the movement commends itself unequivocally to all lovers of good order and progress. It is a movement towards sanity in business, towards domestic happiness and individual development. The origin of the Sabbath rest day may be obscure and in dispute but that it was born out of the divine necessity of human nature and that it has come to stay, no one can doubt. Let us have more of it—not the grim and gloomy Sabbath of the Puritan enforced by superstition, but the genial happy rest day commended by science, approved by political economy and welcomed by religion.

NOTHING succeeds like success. Less than a year ago a few friends of Booker T. Washington, appreciating his work, desiring to advance it, made a systematic and persistent effort to secure him a hearing. One of the popular churches of the city was secured. A list of well known speakers was announced as associates, but when the day came most of the noted speakers had pre-engagements, and Mr. Washington spoke to a beggarly crowd of half a hundred white people and as many more colored people, who felt chilly in the sumptuous elegance of the upholstered

pews. But after the success at Atlanta, the Hamilton Club of Chicago, one of the social powers in the city, brings him here as its guest. They give him a banquet, he thrills a large gathering and the city papers give him generous advertising in the way of portraits, biographical sketches and report of speeches. In all this we rejoice, but what if he had not had the Atlanta chance? Does it not awaken some sad reflections and does it not increase our sense of the need of fortitude and patience and diligence even though the world does not turn aside to approve the work or encourage the worker?

Our neighbor, the *Universalist*, in its issue of Nov. 23, at last gives its three columns exposition of what it calls the "Alcott case." Here we find what might be called "expert testimony" going to prove that the procedure by which the pastor of a Universalist church in good standing was deprived of the fellowship of the Universalist denomination because he was giving his time to advance the interest of the Liberal Congress work in the state of Illinois, a work enjoying the support and sympathy of many other Universalists, was in every way correct. Of all this we can only say "Thou reasonest well" for is it not all "nominated in the bond?" If the procedure is all regular and every step is according to "the constitution and by-laws" then alas! so much the worse for the constitution and by-laws. Our heart aches for those who can be happy in, under or with the administration that rejoices in such perfect (?) mechanism. Our neighbor rejoices in the fact that in this episode the "Universalist church has given notice that it has preservative power, that it will enforce discipline and that it will apply penalty." Other ministers within this fellowship may congratulate themselves that now the Universalist denomination, having successfully survived the disgrace of the expulsion of a man against whose character no insinuation has been made, whose theology they disclaim to have taken into consideration, will not try to do this thing very soon again. The rest of them are safe for quite a while. Are we left to suppose that ministers of the gospel have less chivalry, are more insensible to the demands of *noblesse oblige* than other professions? Is there not something to be expected from the favored in behalf of an innocent victim?

The Chicago University has received another million. This is an event so common that it ceases to be particularly startling. But it is an event none the less welcome. This time it is a million that comes without the suspicion of taint. It seems to be a clean million, this makes it twice blessed. Miss Helen Culver, one of the women helpers of Chicago, makes the gift in the name of Charles J. Hull, one of the pioneers of Chicago. The bequest is given in the interest of biological studies. The sum is to be equally divided between buildings for investigations and endowments for the support of teachers. It provides that a certain amount shall be expended in University Extension work on the west side of the city of Chicago, the lectures to be of a kind that will advance sanitary science. It will be remembered that this million draws another million out of the pocket of Mr. Rockefeller. So the university is two millions more wealthy this week than last. Some of these days we expect to hear that some possessor of a million will recognize the splendid opportunity, the crying need of a similar contribution to the Chicago University and to several other universities to establish a school for the free, untrammelled study of religion and morals, a school of observation as well as of instruction, a school that will give the competent an opportunity to study, write and publish as well as to give instruction upon the most commanding interest of life. Such a school should be where other schools are. It would not interfere with schools already existing. There is an ever increasing number of young men and women who would elect such lines of higher study who do not expect to become ministers. They would pursue such studies for other than for professional reasons. Perhaps the next million we will hear of will be in the interest of a scientific study of morals and religion, an untrammelled and undenominational school of theology.

The Will a Measure of Spirit.

Waiving all the subtleties of metaphysics appealing directly to consciousness, it is safe to say that the will is a force that withstands and sometimes triumphs over opposition, and in that triumph finds the erectness that can declare, "I am a soul, a living spirit; I am matter-housed, matter-served but not matter-ridden." Then the passions that link the self to matter become roots that nourish the spiritual tree, and "soul," to use a phrase of Emerson, "ensouls all the body." Given thought, love and conscience without the stalwart will to convert them into conduct, to translate them into deeds, we fall short of spiritual power. Indeed no high thought is ever attained to without a tremendous will back of it, spurring the intellect or holding it year by year to its heavenly quest. The same may be said of love. It takes a strong will even to woo and win a worthy lady. How much stronger must be the will to keep the home life up to honeymoon standards, to persist through doubts and discouragement, to seek beauty in things ugly, to compel the world to yield spiritual sunshine however clouds may encurtain, to enable one to follow Carlyle's suggestion of manufacturing one's own climate though the terrestrial climate be as damp and bad as that of London in winter time.

The will is the crowning part of spirit. Without it conscience is powerless and duty is a terror. The man that does anything by clear grit has taken steps toward making a saint of himself. Any triumph of will is a direct contribution to the spiritual power of the world. Who can estimate how much the boundaries of spirit have been enlarged by the long toilful efforts of men to make india-rubber hard, glass malleable, to construct an air navigating ship or a motocycle in which one can ride without a horse?

In our indolence we peer through the "gates ajar." In our activity we pass inside, we are beyond the gates, we have become a child of light, we have joined the celestial band. Radiant is the road upon which the doing soul travels. Every now and then the artists break through and discover this truth. The higher art more and more recognizes that spiritual potency is within the soul itself and that the rills of its inspiration rise from inner depths rather than stream from remote spaces above. Guido Reni's much admired "Mater Dolorosa" turns her grief-shadowed face upward, her eyes are rolled skyward and there streams from above an abundant radiance that transforms sorrow into beauty. This is well. But better is that self-centered, thought-molded face in Carle Dolce's "Mother of Grief," whose noble face droops reflectively and the well controlled hand gathers her mantle closely about her as she listens to the God within which sustains her noble self control though the unbidden tear courses down the cheek. This represents a soul large enough to carry grief, strong enough to bear pain, a will divine enough to overcome and hold its regnant position. So we love Carle Dolce's "Mater Dolorosa" best. The present writer remembers with immeasureless comfort a sweet, homely, tearful face in a little picture by one of the old Dutch masters he once saw in the National gallery in London, where the commonplace face of a Dutch peasant woman, with eyes reddened by much weeping, was bearing it all, carrying the whole conscious burden of sorrow with an inward fortitude that almost broke through the tear stains into a greeting; a smile haunted the corners of the quivering mouth. She, too, was a Madonna representing a profound spirituality. Rubens painted a Daniel in the lion's den which contributed to his fame—a half-naked figure lolling listlessly and complacently upon the rocks, the lions scattered around almost as listlessly; Daniel's eyes are rolled heavenward, and he trusts some power from above to close the jaws of the lions. He represents the familiar type of spirituality, but how inane and unspiritual after having looked at Reviere's great picture, where the great Daniel stands with arms behind him, and from under his pent eyebrows meets the hungry glare of the snarling pack of brutes with an eye so commanding and a presence so imperial that the lions squat and growl in cowardly hesitation. The artist has given us not much to see of Daniel except that mighty backbone but that is enough. There is more spirituality in that spinal column than in all the face and attitude of Rubens' picture. Who has not turned with relief from the soft, feminine, nerveless face which the old masters delight to give to Jesus, to the stalwart, fraud-intimidating, sham-seeing man of this world and man of deeds which Munkacsy has put into his figure before Pilate?

But why tarry with the ideal creations of art? Commend to us as a type of spiritual-

ity the good old grandmother, who, in the face of a snow storm that kept the men from coming home to feed the horse at noon, said, "the poor horse must have his oats however though it may shorten my life." The horse did get his oats spite of drifts, and a few days later the horse repaid the service by drawing the lifeless body of the grand old lady over the drifts she had braved which had shortened her life. The high thinkers or noble poets, Fenelon, Channing and their kind do not stand supreme among the spiritual forces of the world, but with them stand John Howard, Florence Nightingale and their kind. Plain prosaic George Washington represents a spiritual force perhaps greater than any poet or preacher of his age because for seven years he wrestled with unrelenting circumstances, missing perhaps the help of an enthusiastic temperament, at times without the sustaining power of a great faith even in the ultimate triumph of that he struggled for, but obedient to the hard, dry light of duty, his purposes never weakened, his energy never abated. The praying Stonewall Jackson who fought his amens to his devotions represented a sublime spiritual force, felt by his followers and is to be felt in history. So did the blunt, rustic and at times terrific Mother Bickerdyke who, with flaming bandanna around her head, striped gingham dress tucked well under her apron strings, arms akimbo, wheeled into coherent efficiency a motley crowd of contrabands, commanded recognition among the belaced young surgeons who began by sneering at her, then came to fear and at last to revere her. She was a type of a splendid spiritual power as she now defied and again commanded commanding generals. She who, with no honor, pay or fame back of her or before her, rose superior to red tape and like Herakles grappled with death and vanquished him not once but many and many times, all for love's sake, all for duty's sake.

Praying for Ingersoll.

This is a progressive age. About twenty years ago they proposed to catch Ingersoll when he was advertised to speak in Delaware and give him a dose at the whipping post. A pious judge of that State gave out a ram's horn blast that if Robert undertook to speak he should be indicted as a blasphemer and get the cat. To show how the world moves we find a great national movement to pray Mr. Ingersoll out of his convictions and get rid of his heresies in that way. There are a few difficulties that lie in the way of this amiable intention that do not lie in the way of castigation. If he is converted from his own opinions plainly he is to be converted to other opinions. But to what; and to whose? Are they going to make a Calvinist, or an Armenian of Robert? Will he come out a Seventh Day Baptist, or a First Day Christian? Will he stand by the 39 Articles, or by the 29 Articles?—Or possibly by only 19? This is no trifling matter; for if Ingersoll gets converted to anything he is going to make it buzz very aggressively. Does any one want such a new recruit added to a rival church? What a tremendous Methodist he would make! Sam Small and Sam (or is it Tom) Jones would not stand a show to him. He would have camp meetings to cover a hundred acres. But if he should choose to put on the bands and engage in processions, what a superb figure!

Pardon me if I write for a moment apparently too lightly on a very serious question. The fact is we want Robert Ingersoll for just what he is; and not such as any little whipper snapper who can pray might like to make him over. He has done a vast amount of good and served a very practical purpose in the world. I do not agree with half he says. To me a good deal of it is shallow; and some of it is unjust; and it generally lacks thorough scholarship. But if *I* were to try to make Bob Ingersoll over, Lord help us! what a fool I would make of it. I do not mean to try. On the contrary, I am glad there is an Ingersoll full of vim and grit and fight; and I am glad there was a John Calvin too; although he was meaner and farther from truth, as I see it, than Ingersoll is. When we look about, it is a rare chance if we find a dozen that in *our* estimate don't need converting. Shall we the dozen ask the Lord to make all the rest of you over after our perfect pattern? Or shall we more modestly ask for a little world somewhere all by ourselves, where no one can get at us to disturb us with their individual notions and views?

On the whole, this is a world of diversities and differences; and only by differences, or differentiations as science terms it, has anything like life come about. What we do need to get rid of is not strong convictions, but the platitude of iteration and reiteration, —the repetition of conformity and uniformity—the lack of any upright and downright convictions of any sort. It is a peculiar characteristic of a bad or useless man that he really is bad for lack of convictions. It is the "I don't care" people who curse the world.

The limitations of prayer—what are they? Could ten millions, joined together in wishing and willing and asking, overcome a single man's mental poise; and force him to believe what he had all his life hitherto disbelieved? If so, it is a species of dangerous hypnotism, that the less of the better. I have seen a young lad of twelve prayed over by great fat, strong men, a dozen at a time; and *I think* they really did pound down on to that boy's brain and crush all the freedom and selfhood out of it. The most sacred thing in this world is individuality. It should not be crowded upon or tyrannized over by any outside force—either in school or in politics or in religion. Remember that, all ye George the Thirds! that sit in teacher's desks, or preacher's pulpits or parent's chairs. Be careful of the inborn, inherent rights of the soul. Your chief duty is to protect the child from being intruded upon in his inner life—his character making. Hypnotism is a very common affair in some of its phases. It is universal. The result of most of it, even when well-intentioned, is not to make better character, but no character at all. Beware of converting Robert Ingersoll *out* of his strong convictions until you are sure you can recreate him into better ones. So far as I have seen, the influence of his antagonists' work on him has been only an injury.

But why not join in prayers for Robert Ingersoll? Surely we may. Therefore we say, May all that is good and true be identified with your name and work, our brother! May you never yield an honest conviction, carefully reached by sincere study, in order to please or agree with us, or with any others. May you retain your courage, your wit, your independence; but may your soul always stand face to face with Eternal Honor and Eternal Love—that you have one only supreme desire—to be right and to keep others to rightness.

E. P. P.

THE sermon printed in last week's issue on "The Education of the Soul," by Mr. Jones, has been put into pamphlet form and can be secured at the publication office at five cents per copy. A small number has been put into extra cover for holiday uses at ten cents.

Old and New.

Star Dust Revealed by a Sunbeam.

IN a very interesting article on "Conscience Money," a writer in *Chambers' Journal* says: "A somewhat amusing example of the power of conscience may be cited in which the proprietors of Punch are reported to have received threepence in conscience money from an anonymous correspondent, who is said to have surreptitiously read an entire number of Punch from the various pages displayed in the shop front in Fleet street. Such an instance of the unburdening of the conscience is only equalled, perhaps, by the story of a fellow of Pythagoras, who, it is related, had bought a pair of shoes from a cobbler, for which he promised to pay him on a future day. He went with his money on the day appointed, but found that the cobbler had in the interval departed this life. Without saying anything of his errand, he withdrew, secretly rejoicing at the opportunity thus unexpectedly afforded him of gaining a pair of shoes for nothing. His conscience, however, says Seneca, would not suffer him to remain quiet under such an act of injustice; so, taking up the money, he returned to the cobbler's shop, and casting in the money, said: 'Go thy ways; for though he is dead to all the world, yet he is alive to me.'"

ELECTRICITY generated by the falls of the American river at Folsom was transmitted to Sacramento, 24 miles away, on July 15th. Only the big plant at Niagara Fall is larger than that of Folsom, but the transmission to Buffalo is shorter. The waters of the American river, which have been running to waste, will now be utilized for lighting Sacramento's streets, propelling her cars and operating her factories. Years have been spent upon the work. An immense masonry dam was thrown across the American river at Folsom, creating a reservoir three miles long, and furnishing a flow of 85,000 cubic feet per minute. The water, after passing through four horizontal shaft double-turbine wheels, is used for irrigation purposes, and 300,000 acres of land will be supplied. The turbine wheels are 30 inches in diameter, and under a head of 55 feet develop 1,300 horse power each. The shafts of the wheels are coupled direct to the shafts of four three-phase alternating current generators of the General Electric type, each capable of developing 1,000 horse power. These dynamos weigh about 40 tons each. Step-up transformers raise the voltage to 10,000 volts, and it is then transmitted by overhead copper wires to the city. Two separate lines have been built as a precaution against accident or shut-downs for repairs. One line will always be held in reserve. It is calculated that 80 per cent. of the electric power generated at Folsom will be transmitted 24 miles to Sacramento.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Looking Outward.

BY E. P. POWELL.

There is nothing Americans need more just now than a wide-awake foreign policy—in both church and state. It is well known that nothing ever did so much good in the way of waking up the religious spirit of American churches as foreign missions. It saved New England from strangulation by creed discussion. If you wish to kill religion set it to counting its own sore spots. It works precisely so in state or civic affairs. Mr. Cleveland has pre-eminently had an aggressive home policy, and a very negative foreign policy. He set us to talking about our finances and our tariffs and our depressions till we have become intensely morbid. The people have become nervous, suspicious, depressed. We are afraid of legislation and yet demand legislation. And that again is precisely like a morbid individual that imagines more ills than he has; takes all sorts of patent or prescribed doses; but is never satisfied with physic or doctor. Too much home policy! The strongest churches are those that have the strongest outside policy. If I had the ear of Mr. Cleveland I would say, Don't say another word on home matters. Look outward vigorously. The people are in an awfully dyspeptic condition. You are right on about all points; but the voters are not backing you up. Just let go of the tariff, and take hold of Cuba or Hawaii. Thanksgiving proclamations are well enough, but give us a ringing word or two about Turkey or China. We are not isolated from all the world. There is no moral obligation resting on us to keep mum when our human brothers are being butchered;—just over the boundaries. Our home policy is too strong when it will let us fold our hands while Armenian bucheries and Cuban outrages make history scarlet.

But I only care to mix state up with the church for the sake of illustration and illumination. Christianity did not destroy the Jewish faith; but by opening a great missionary policy it made the home religion intensely vigorous, while undergoing purification. The field in place of Judea became the world. Some have said that Paul saved the Christian church by again breaking up a home policy. The Apostles were settling down to be reformed Jews, and soon would have been lost out of history and out of the life-currents of humanity. This is not to say Jesus was a narrow sectarian. This new religion was nothing else but a new effort at humanitarian good will. It was the poem of angels and men. It made all men God-children. To the Jew first—but also to the Gentile; because Jews made the best cosmopolitan teachers. Greece and even Rome never made such outward-lookers as Jerusalem did. This all reacted to make Judea the promised land and the sacred soil.

Again and again the church looked in upon its own vitals, and lost its power. The real key to Luther's achievement is not in his doctrinal reforms, but in his widening out of the purport of the church. It began under his influence to look away from the cloister, and outward toward all that was human. Among the reformed churches Presbyterianism has been intensely strong; and you will not find this strength in its government, but in its foreign missions. Methodism stands in no danger today unless in a bias toward inward-looking, and less aggressive determination to conquer the world. The Salvation army has little else to commend it but its magnificent campaigning spirit. It does not live on its own vitals. The rattle-box brains that get pre-eminence as evangelists have the advantage of carrying the war into the enemies' country. They are no stay-at-homes.

Religious congresses show the world entering on a new era of expansive religious effort. The Pope moves in the same direction. His hope, he informs us, is the reunion of all Christendom. He desires to see the Greek church and the Latin church affiliate; and both in holy union with Armenians and Protestants. It is these onward and outward looking tendencies that will win the world and save it. No sect can just now afford to sit down to its exclusive love feasts. It cannot afford to congratulate itself on its admirable history. The hope of Unitarianism is not in Boston but in Yokohama and Calcutta.

No one can, having comprehended these truths, turn back without amazement to study the spirit of Jesus. The new gospel was proclaimed as an enlargement of the Jewish faith—it was humanitarian. The Teacher had no esoteric truths; He spoke to the whole people. All men were brothers. The time was coming when Judea and Samaria would recognize a common Father. No Christianity is real Christianity which does not thus keep to the whole world as its field, and to human brotherhood as its corner-stone. The only possible life is growth.

Truth.

BY JAMES CRAIG.

The depths to which truth leads might cause the most studious mind to recoil were it not that truth is of such constant and universal importance and in itself, simple and plain.

Attempt to hold the waters of truth in the largest and most carefully formed vessel and they overflow it; try to confine truth in a dry and cruel definition, immediately it escapes, or slips out like a live fish from the hand of a child.

Truth may be compared to strata of rocks which come to the earth's surface or are upheaved so as to project in places, while the vast rock bed lies forever buried. These projections being noted by the geologist and compared with his other observations become the means of determining the nature of the rocks which underlie the region. Thus, stray ideas coming in contact with the mind of the observer even in fragmentary form lead to the discovery of far-reaching principles. It has been suggested that the naked truth is never found without labor or study. Sugar must be extracted and refined before it can be obtained in a pure form. Truths are called new, because, newly discovered, yet have existed from all eternity and only awaited the discoverer to reveal them. The truth-seeker may be only groping in the dark and different people will search in different ways, many of which may be wrong, but occasionally a glimpse of the light will be seen. Nor is everyone to be credited in proportion to the discovery made without taking into consideration the opportunities present. Neither is the nineteenth century to be compared, in its wonderful progress in thought and industry, to the slow growth of former centuries without considering the opportunities which those centuries enjoyed; the obstacles to be overcome and the means at hand in those times with which to overcome them. They were gradually obtaining the means to put the nineteenth century in the way of its rapid progress on certain lines. Mankind at first had a very limited knowledge of everything and its progress has been slow and painful. But progress seems to be on a geometrical scale; the more knowledge attained to the more rapidly is further progress made. A minister once said "the nineteenth century is full of itself." That may be the case, but former centuries must naturally and necessarily have been filled or taken up with themselves also.

Truth has many wonderful properties or qualities, among which are the following: beauty, purity, sweetness, harmony, symmetry, perfection or completeness. It is also infinite, eternal, indestructible, simple, profound, powerful, exact or radical and powerful.

These qualities are sometimes derived one from the other. The beauty of truth is dependent somewhat on its harmony, symmetry and other qualities. The various properties co-operate or intertwine, blending material and spiritual things. The mathematician will say, "what a beautiful principle," referring to some proposition in algebra or geometry, *f. i.*, because it is perfect.

Truth is pure and leads to purity. It is not contaminated with error, wrong, injustice or anything evil, and leads those who accept and follow it to purity of life. It is in the language of Scripture, "sweeter than honey and the honeycomb." It is harmonious; no truth in creation can conflict with any other truth, but all are in beautiful harmony. It is symmetrical, perfect, complete in all its parts, departments and branches. It is infinite and those who get a ray of light as a reward for patient effort soon perceive that there is a boundless ocean beyond still undiscovered. It is eternal and indestructible. Superstition or persecution may for a time keep truth hidden but can never destroy it. It is simple yet profound; loves to dwell with the humble and avoid vain show or ostentation, still it demands search and ennobles mankind. It is free and gives freedom in all departments of human industry and effort; causes man to stand erect and think for himself, accepting nothing on the mere ground of authority, but at the same time willing to learn from any and all sources. Next, consider its power; "knowledge is power" 'tis said, but the most powerful and, indeed, the only real wisdom is that which derives its potency from truth. This power is resistless and persistent.

Truth is radical or exact. It has no respect for the idea that in morals, politics or religion the truth will generally be found between the extremes. It may be found between the extremes, but most likely it will be found in a radical position. Wherever found it will not yield one hair's breadth to any power. In human progress self-interest or old and deep-rooted superstition or both may cause those whose interests or beliefs are assailed by progressive thought to raise the conservative objection that the truth will be found between the extremes. This suits the convenience of privileged classes who, when compelled to yield somewhat to the demands of justice, wish to yield as little as possible and accordingly use conservatism supported by an abundance of chaff to obstruct progress.

Truth may be like a rock under the waves, about the exact location of which men may disagree, but the position of which is not affected by their opinions. Many disputed questions naturally come up in human affairs, but disputes are often but waves of passion which dash over and away from the undisturbed and indestructible rock of truth. The indestructibility of a rock is relative. The indestructibility of truth is absolute. Here the material approaches the sublime or Divine, if indeed, there be such a thing. Divine truth must be reverenced, it is said, but if any truth be Divine, all truth is Divine and, being such, utterly refuses to be

cramped up in any set of creeds or dogmas whatsoever. Those who teach creeds and dogmas distort and dwarf, not truth, which is in no wise affected, but the minds of those who are under their control. Certain books are said to be Divine. But the human mind is said to have been created by the same Divine power. The inquiring mind finds that science and the so-called Divine truth conflict. Truth is harmonious. Therefore science or the books must be erroneous where they disagree.

One of the creations of Divine power, the human mind, undermines another production, so-called, of Divine power.

But it is asked, what is to be put in place of religious teachings or creeds which have been rejected? We might as well ask a woman who has swept her house what she is going to put in the place of the cobwebs which have been destroyed. What a pity that people should rid their minds of cobwebs!

"The truth shall make you free" and an inexpressible joy and satisfaction it would be to be freed from prejudice and error by truth. Error enslaves. Even cherished ideas when false are an enslavement to the mind, and the more strongly false ideas and dogmas are held the more firmly they bind and enslave the mind, and with it, everything pertaining to human thought and action. "They do but control our lives, who control the means by which we live."

Prejudice is a veil hanging over the mind and obscuring from it the light of truth. Imperfect man cannot have a perfectly unbiased mind, but it is his duty to free the mind from prejudice as much as possible. When prejudice yields to reason, the man has freed his mind and gains what will give him joy for, as Whittier has written:

'Twas but the ruin of the bad,
The wasting of the wrong and ill,
Whate'er of good the old time had—
Was living still.

As truth is harmonious when mankind learns or brings itself into conformity with the truth, the many conflicting views on disputed questions will be harmonized. By learning the truth, and in no other way, can harmony and unity be brought to the human race. In rejecting old teachings in religion, politics or any other department of human thought, not one particle of what is true and good should be rejected, but, at the same time, not one particle of error should be retained.

In past time, discoverers and inventors were ridiculed and persecuted in a thousand ways. Can not a great lesson be learned from this? Those who have a deep feeling of regret at the persecutions of the past may, in some instances, be ready to ridicule the new ideas of the present. They see that things which were ridiculed in the past came to be a blessing to mankind.

That in some instances those who persecuted would have been benefited by the one they tortured or tormented. But failing to comprehend new thoughts of today and ridiculing the same, they act in principle like those of past time. How much better it would be to rid the mind of prejudice and examine fairly new ideas before opposing or obstructing them. Covering up and hindering truth is an injury to the world. The spirit of persecution still lives, in a modified form, yet the same in principle and of tremendous power, obstructing progress and darkening the pathway of truth. Let us rid the world of prejudice, intolerence and the spirit of persecution so that progress may be given the right of way. Then the civilization of the present will be but a child compared with the infinite progress which will be made by the civilization of the future. How much better it would be to search for truth than to appeal to arms, on disputed questions, often to sustain wrong and injure humanity. It is a matter worthy of great thankfulness that chattel slavery has been abolished in the United States, but would it not have been a far greater cause for rejoicing had the people listened to the voice of reason and peacefully liberated the slaves? So on the present labor question let humanity have justice peacably.

Truth is essential to life. Error, even though it may flourish and spread for a time, contains within itself at all times the germs of death.

Truth liberates, error enslaves.
Truth harmonizes; error breeds discord.

Thus it is seen that truth is sublime and might cause the most profound scholar to shrink were he called to examine into its deep recesses, but truth beckons and says, "Come and drink at my pure and exhaustless fountains and be made welcome! I will feed you on that which is pure, sweet and beautiful. I am indispensable to life; indestructible; unmoved by the passions and prejudices of men. To those who accept me I impart my excellent qualities freely and without stint. I am simple and unassuming as a child, yet peer into all mysteries and behold: they are no longer mysteries but simple things. All my members work in harmony, and when men accept me they are brought into harmony and unity with each other. I am mild, yet no one can wander from me with impunity. My blessings are free. I am the friend of peace and plenty, but man is not free to reject me nor even to slight or neglect me except to his hurt; boundless as the ocean. Though your cup be small, fill it and quench your thirst; even duty bids, 'drink!' though in so doing thirst becomes greater; a larger cup required."

Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own.
—*Lowell's "Present Crisis."*

Truth, crushed to earth shall rise again;
Th' eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshipers.
—*Bryant.*

"I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."—Brewster's Memories of Newton, Vol. II., Chap. 27.

The Prophets of Israel.*

The Bible is so undervalued and so irreverently handled in our day because it is of all books the most misunderstood. Some cannot appreciate it, because they do not possess the requisite preliminary technical knowledge to enter into the spirit and get at the vital fundamental truths of this book, written in a strange language, the fruit of an era, country and civilization so different from ours. Others shun the Bible because their reason rebels against the monstrous claim of bibliolaters that its every word and letter are God-given.

To both of these classes, no less than to the reverent admirers of Scriptures, Dr. Carus has rendered an inestimable service by publishing in an English garb "Der Israelitische Prophetismus," five popular lectures delivered before a society of laymen by Dr. Cornill, Professor of Theology at the University of Kœnigsberg. Though a German professor, the style of the book is admirably simple and lucid, the narrative intensely interesting. Though a critical student of no mean standing, the author scrupulously avoids learned technicalities, tempting hypotheses, pedantic notes and quotations. But with the enthusiasm born of a love and reverence for his subject he weaves into an artistic and consistent whole, the threads which Wellhausen, Kuenen, Stade and the rest of that school unravelled as the result of arduous minute critical investigation.

Cornill has thus again demonstrated that biblical criticism is really constructive and not destructive. With the material that so long seemed only a ruin, he faithfully reconstructed the religious history of Israel from Moses down to the time of the Maccabees. After explaining the nature and import of Israelitish prophecy and indicating what position it occupied in the history of the religion of Israel, he portrays the services of Moses and Elijah, and then in chronological order analyzes the writings of the prophets, showing their very close connection with the secular history of their own times and environment and their logical relation to each other. The task of the prophets was not to foretell future events. They were the messengers of God to Israel, "the interpreters of the times, the incorporate conscience of the nation, feeling all things and bringing all things to light that are rotten in the nation and displeasing to God"; and in a masterly manner, clearly and concisely, Cornill pictures the times and elucidates the fundamental thought of him who stands on the watch tower and reads the signs of the age.

Each prophet stands out clean-cut, and with the aid of this little book of 179 pages, the reader understands him and appreciates his lasting contribution to Israel's religion and to humanity, as doubtless he never did before. Of course, scholars are still divided over some of Cornill's conclusions; but in general he is guarded and conservative in his views and many will re-read their Amos, Hosea and Jonah with a clearer understanding, a warmer appreciation and a profounder love.

Now that Rector Ahlwardt has touched our shores to remind us that anti-Semitism in Germany has penetrated the very walls of learning where it was least expected, it is refreshing to know that Prof. Cornill writes, *viz.*: "When, therefore, by this word for God (*el*, the goal, that to which all human longing aspires and must aspire), religion is defined by the early Semites as a problem for man with a promise of its final solution, it follows with irrefutable clearness that the much defamed and much despised Semites are in no wise such an inferior race, or such worthless men, as it is unfortunately at the present day the fashion to depict them." (p.7.) Nor will it be out of place to quote the words with which he concludes this book, which ought to be in the hands of every Bible-reader: "The whole history of humanity has produced nothing which can be compared in the remotest degree to the prophecy of Israel. Through prophecy Israel became the prophet of mankind. Let this never be overlooked nor forgotten; the costliest and noblest treasure that man possesses, he owes to Israel and to Israelitic prophecy." (p.178.)

The book is beautifully printed, and with few exceptions the translation is idiomatic, clear and correct. The date of the capture of Jerusalem (p. 105) should be 586, not 536. A copious index enhances the value of the English version. J. S.

*THE PROPHETS OF ISRAEL. Popular sketches from Old Testament History, by Carl Heinrich Cornill, translated by Sutton F. Corkran, Chicago. Open Court Publishing Co., 1895. $1.00.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain: lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid!"

Responsive Reading.

IV. Selected from Seneca.

BY REV. CARLETON F. BROWN.

"Every man knows without telling, that this wonderful fabric of the universe is not without a governor; constant order cannot be the work of chance.

We are all of us agreed in the acknowledgment of an Almighty Being, and ascribe to it all majesty and goodness.

It is only for a narrow mind to condemn the order of the world.

No man has any complaint against Providence, if that which is right pleases him.

It is against nature that good should hurt good.

It is the part of a cowardly soldier to follow his commander groaning; a generous man delivers himself up to God without struggling.

A good man is not only the friend of God, but the very image, disciple and imitator of him, and the true child of his Heavenly Father.

A wise man carries all his treasures within himself.

What fortune gives she may take, but he leaves nothing to her mercy.

Fortune has no weapon that reaches the mind.

Prudence and religion are above accidents, and draw good out of everything.

The soul is in heaven even while it is in the flesh if it be purified from corruption and filled with divine thoughts.

Providence treats us like a generous father and brings us up to labors, whereas the indulgence of a fond mother makes us weak.

God loves us with a masculine love, and delights to see a brave and good man wrestling with evil fortune.

A wise man is a friend to Providence, and will not murmur at anything that comes to pass by God's appointment.

He is ready to lay down his life in a good cause, and for the public safety to sacrifice his own.

He does not so much consider the pleasure of his life as the need that the world has of him."

Public Schools and the Bible.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED BEFORE SINAI CONGREGATION, CHICAGO, BY EMIL G. HIRSCH.

Undoubtedly all of you have time and again had occasion to see pictures which in themselves master-works, and as such messengers of high ideals, were reft of their potency by the folly of their owners. They either were oppressed by the enforced company with other productions of pencil or brush, unworthy of their higher value, or were framed with such deplorable taste as to make the sensible spectator feel that an injury, almost an insult, had been done to the artist and his work. Many of us have had occasion to wonder at, not the taste, but the very opposite of this rare delicate gift, in woman who, not satisfied to have one or the other gem foil the sparkle of her brilliant eyes, in order to display the vulgar depth of husband's or father's bank account, constitutes herself a perambulating jewelry establishment for the protection of which she requires the services of a private detective and bodyguard to ward off the approach of light-fingered and astute gentry. The ornaments she carries often are undoubted works of art and as such of great virtue, but in the way she displays them, in the false charm she seeks through them, she deprives every individual diamond of its luster and her own beauty of its suggestive spell.

The Bible is suffering from this same folly on the part of such as affect to honor it. It has been wronged most at the hands of its protested and professed friends. Ingersoll has done less injury to the inspiring message held fast in the words of prophet and Biblical poet, than have the queer interpretations and the stubborn dogmatic spirit of priest and of preacher. We know that the Bible is a gem —Koh-i-noor among the kindred collections of literature known to the scholars. There are many Bibles bringing courage to the broken-hearted, but none of these—whether writ in the fluent rhythm of Vedic chant, or crystalized in the less elastic dialect of Zoroaster's followers; whether set to the melody of Homeric lyre or to the song of a northern bard; whether in the turbid tide of tempestuous fervor characterizing the believer in Arabia's prophet or in the sweet tones of the message of patience pearling from the lips of Gautama, star of Asia—none has the power which came to our Bible, both in its old Hebrew part, and in the newer addition—also of Jewish origin—preserved merely in the tongue of post-classic Greece, falsely called the New Testament, as though revoking and replacing the earlier covenant made by the Father with the fathers of old. And yet this brilliant is constantly forced to company with case and setting not worthy of its precious suggestions. They have made a fetich of the book. They have given it a spell as though it were the wand of magician and the peculiar mystic cunning of the ancient medicine man. They expect from it wonders—changes of heart with the suddenness of catastrophes. One leaflet thereof is credited with power and potency to turn the hardened heart of sinner into the responsive harp of the saint. The extravagance of these spurious claims for Bible has disappointed so many in their expectations; they have today unlearned to seek the waters of life from this source originally bubbling forth in inviting purity. The hostility to the Bible is clearly due to the fetichism which its avowed friends and defenders have during these many centuries practiced with this literature.

The young man so proud of his ignorance of Biblical literature, and the anti-diluvian specimen of liberalism that has survived the onward progress of thought during the last five and ten lustra, both presuming to be cultured because they are unversed in this literature, are creatures not of liberalism, but of orthodoxy. They would gladly have had the bread of life and feasted on it, but they were offered a stone. The letter was paraded and exalted at the expense of the spirit, at the repression into absolute silence of the one instructive thought running through the outer form and vivifying it. History was tyrannized and chronography was despotized to conform with and confirm the Biblical genealogies. Geology was asked to recede before the presumptuous doctrinaire interpretation of Mosaic cosmogony. Geography and ethnology were subjected to surgical interference that they might mutilate their bold discoveries to respect the measurements of the Biblical records. The thinking mind was soon aware of the fact that as a hand-book for science the Bible could not claim higher place than can similar speculations on the origin of the world, on the configuration of the globe, on the character and consanguinity of its different races, which abound among other nations cotemporary with the Hebrew authors who bequeathed to us their groping attempts at reading physically and scientifically the riddles of all being.

And again, as a manual of ancient history even, these old documents have been proven to have indeed a certain worth, but they do not furnish exact and accurate phonograms of actual occurrences. Today in many an orthodox pulpit of whatever denominational bias, much importance is attached to the finds in the old sites of Nineveh and Babylon—much store is set by the readings and decipherments of hieroglyphic tablets and the claim is urged under the shadow of great names, such as Sayce and others, that these, the records of nations, neighbors to Israel, corroborate to the last point the historiography of Bible writers. This pretense must be disal owed, for the very state of historiographical records of that period indicates above all else, the method pursued by the historians of those days. The historians of ancient times are not unbiased and disinterested photographers of happenings,—or scrupulous echoes of reports; to the contrary, they mould what is to them present time according to their pre-conceived opinions, and what they have gathered from behind them of tradition and national or tribal reminiscence, is shaped by them into a pedestal whereon intentionally to pillar their own theory of national glory and of national destiny. No historian of Egypt will tell of Egyptian defeats—he will magnify Egyptian successes and achievements, but the failures and reverses are passed over in silence.

And this method we find also in our Biblical histories. Whoever preserved the stammered speech of time lying behind him, had always a theory of his own of the purpose of Jewish existence, and the process of providential guidance of the nations. He does not photograph actuality; but his viewpoint is higher, not lower than that of a mere photographer. His is not a phonograph giving lifeless liberty to the voices prisoned in it. He is himself the creative artist; he paints, by the vision which he has himself, what mortal eye has merely seen in matter; he is a poet who sings his own notes.

This very recognition that Biblical history is not history in the ordinary sense, confers upon it much greater value than it would possess were it the chronograph of actual occurrences untrimmed and unwrought to fit into a given theory. The theory is correct, though the facts are moulded incorrectly to suit it. There is a purpose in time—there is a destiny to Jewish life—there is a God who rules the nations, who, on the great checker-board of battle and defeat, of rise and fall of empires, moves the figures according to the plan and purposes and needs of his deeper providential wisdom;—this thought is the vitalizing element of Biblical history, let its facts be, as facts, never so untrustworthy.

The true friends of the Bible have given up the conceit that the Bible is a primer in geology and physiography, or an elementary treatise on Egyptian, Assyrian, Babylonian and even Israelitish history. They do insist that the Bible is a great store-house of moral instruction. In this again the professed friends of the Bible continue the old mistake so fatal to the true recognition of the Bible's worth. They claim that this ethical instruction can be mechanically made vital and activised—they would therefore have the Bible in the public schools. But, as our public schools are public schools and exclude, and must forever exclude, religious instruction of whatever kind, they would have the Biblical selections for moral purposes read without interpretation, and hope thereby to work the change needed and necessary in the whole trend and tendency of public school education and instruction.

No pedagogue but will agree with these women that are now beleaguering our public school board with a petition signed by 60,000 of their sex—that the fundamental contention of theirs must be allowed without quibble or equivocation. Education which is merely intellectual fails of the purpose fundamental to all education.

Time was when men could cling to the conceit that drill of the head is an armor against temptation—the St. George to conquer the dragon of crime and improvidence. One who repeats this shallow gospel of rationalism—dead for fifty years and only surviving now and then in one or the other who deems himself enlightened and yet has been asleep during the course of the last half century—counts the beads of the rosary of an educational creed which has been proven inadequate by the sad experience of the last twenty-five years most especially. Are only the illiterate inmates of our penitentiaries? Do only the uneducated recruit the army ever growing of criminals and paupers? A blind faith in the efficacy of the sacraments of rationalism alone may advance this proposition and attempt to maintain it.

It is true—and criminologists know this—that certain classes of crimes are generally committed by men of low intellectuality and a limited degree of literary information. Crimes of violence, unless it be murder, and murder committed in the white heat of passion, on the impulse of an intolerable temper—are generally characteristic of people without training of the mind. But derelicts of this class are the least dangerous, because the most easily resisted. The more dangerous offences against the peace of the community are generally, almost without exception, concocted by men who not merely had a common school training, but also had the advantage of an intimacy, sometimes very close, with the secrets of science, generally curtained from such ken as the common clay, the majority of their fellow-men, could command. Frauds and forgeries, deceptions of all kinds, tricks and intrigues of all sorts, are the sorry specialties of educated criminals, and the deeper these have drunk of the cup of knowledge, the more successful as a rule they are in working out to the last degree of perfection their insidious schemes.

Education of the intellect alone does not fortify men against temptation; a trained mind alone is not the protecting seawall against the tides threatening the peace and prosperity, the security and safety of human society. The training of the head must be supplemented by the training of the heart. Not learned brains, but character, is the end and goal of every true system of well planned education. Without moral training our public schools will be a failure, as they are a failure in many more than this respect. Mechanical spelling, mechanical ciphering, mechanical writing, poll-parrot repetition of lists of presidents and vice-presidents, are but sorry apologies for even elementary education.

But this is what to a great extent our public schools throughout this land do furnish. They are, with very few exceptions, a failure from the lowest to the highest grades.

All this patriotic froth and fury when elections come around about the little red schoolhouse, the safeguard of our republic, does not change this fact. There are opportunities for the American public school system to be indeed the savior and salvation of our nation, but they have not been apprehended or utilized as yet.

This is not merely my criticism. Some of you had an opportunity recently to listen to a woman's complaint—a woman who had been a member of our city school board, and one of the most efficient at that, and these will bear me out that her paper read before them, fully endorsed this, my position. From the high school, down to the very primary grade, the method in vogue in our schools is indeed inadequate and wrong, but the cure is not the introduction of the Bible. The Bible is the child of ages long behind us—the Bible is a literature—written in a language strange. Translated into English, it does not become English in the sense of the word that in it pulsates and stirs the English spirit to which we, the modern children of this day, are unconsciously related and therefore spontaneously responsive. No, it is a strange book and its mere reading—and that could only be allowed under our system here—its mere reading would indeed have no effect on character whatsoever.

A true school-teacher—that is to say, not a school-ma'am who enters school as she would a store, as a waiting station between the irksome home and matrimony as the ultimate hope—a true school-teacher knows that every reading of a mechanical kind is ineffective and if persisted in far from stimulating the attention of the pupils, deadens and kills it beyond the possibility of resuscitation.

Why are so many of us today hostile to Biblical instruction? Why are there so many among us that deem knowledge of Hebrew the sign of orthodoxy—that would write one down, who has studied Hebrew, a fossil of the days way back, while every boy ignorant of Hebrew is by virtue of this ignorance considered the very Goliath of liberalism and the incarnation of intellectuality? The answer is easily found. When we were children, we as a rule had teachers who degraded Biblical instruction and instruction in Hebrew into a mechanical exercise, a cataloguing of dry events and a ventilation of dusty theories. This could not but chill what attraction these studies may have had for inquisitive young minds. The mode of execution was, if not unusual, at all events very cruel. The ferrule of the schoolmaster was never so active and nowhere so emphatic in driving home the spiritual (?) lessons, as in the average Jewish—God save the mark—religious school, two decades ago. All love for Bible was beaten out of us, and all recognition of the wonderful charms of the Hebrew language was systematically, with malice aforethought, rendered impossible.

The same will be achieved in our public schools, though no ferrule there may presume to autocratic dignity. The best way to kill all reverence for Bible and all interest in Biblical teaching, is to make its reading a perfunctory exercise without explanation and without interpretation. It is a book with seven seals even to scholars. Of course, that young dude who claimed in my hearing that the Bible is all trash, knew not how many minds were busy, had been busy and are busy today in digging deep for the meaning of this "dross." I have in my library over nine hundred volumes devoted to nothing but the elucidation of Biblical thought and Biblical method. Nine hundred volumes, mostly volumes of recent date. Are they by fools? I wish our dudes and dudelets were of the number of the fools who write these books. The stars of Oxford's clustered constellations of learned men—the brightest beacons in the firmament of German erudition, spanning with spangles of planetary light the very horizon of culture—the leaders of the Academy of Inscriptions in Paris,—the master writers of Italy, and now also the great minds of the American universities are not ashamed to search for the key to this book. Nor can we claim that as yet they have fully succeeded.

To understand the book, acquaintance with both Greek and Hebrew is prerequisite. The teacher who would teach the Bible, at all events, must have this knowledge. Without it, it remains a blank to him. It might as well be written in Chinese. The English translation he cannot understand, however perfect the revised version may be. One who merely knows Greek and Hebrew is again incompetent fully to unravel what the Bible symbolizes. The Hebrew is a Semitic language. Language is always the mirror of mind. Through the reflection of language an insight into the soul of a people is gained. Nations have souls—this is the unshakeable assurance of a modern science which the Germans call "Voelkerpsychologie," while in English we designate it insufficiently as ethnic psychology. Nations have souls and the nation's soul is revealed by the nation's tongue. The more languages one knows, the more souls are his. This, a Turkish proverb, is true, will be true as long as man is man.

The languages, mirrors of national souls, are members of families and each family of languages has a type of its own—has a range of vision of its own. The Hebrew being of the Semitic root, breathes the spirit of the Semite. He who merely knows Hebrew, cannot fully comprehend the Semitic characteristics, the Semitic conceptions and constructions of life and the world. This, I apprehend, explains why so many of our rabbis today are incompetent to sympathize with, let alone to understand, the higher criticism. To them it seems to be idle hypothesis—fine architectural spinning out of theories without foundation, glittering generalities, misleading inferences. One great rabbi in this country, perhaps the most influential one of all of us, who has done more than anyone else to mould the character of the synagogue in America, never wearies, week in and week out, to hurl fiery denunciations at Bibical critics and Bible criticism. Learned as these men are, they have but superficial knowledge of the Semitic mind, through lack of the proper training in philological and historical methodology. Even for these, to a considerable extent, the Bible is a riddle. One who wishes to interpret it must be on terms of deepest intimacy with the spirit of Semitic civilization, and for that purpose he must have studied Arabic and Ethiopic, Assyrian and Aramaic, and God knows what else—he must understand Semitic archæology—he must have grasped Semitic sociology—he must have surveyed the social horizon of primitive Semitic clan and tribal life; for not a single verse of the Bible flashes out its true light without this knowledge; equipped with it, everyone should be, who would be for others, its interpreter.

The trouble with Mr. Ingersoll and those that follow him, is none other than what besets the dogmatics of the church and of synagogue—limited knowledge renders the book incomprehensible to them. Take any chapter of the Bible—the psalm we read, *f. 1.* Do its stately periods quicken full thought of the author's art and intention at mere reading? The heavens and the Thorah—God's law and God's firmament and handiwork, in juxtaposition without interlinking scaffolding. It would seem as though the poet had jumped from one subject to another in a way in which even a high school boy would not have dared, or a high school girl would have avoided when writing her graduating thesis. The Biblical writer seems then to have bunglingly ignored the most elementary canon of literary construction in beginning with the heavens, and all of a sudden passing on to the Thorah of God? The Semitic student knows better. Here is no oversight of the canons of literary construction. He who wrote the psalm was an artist worthy to be placed in the company of Homer and Virgil, of Dante and of Gœthe. The Semitic mind's rhythmic movement runs to parallelism of thought. What strikes the Aryan as a transition, too sudden to be justified, from one subject to another, traces before the Semite merely

the parallel flow of two currents of thought, analogous if not identical. The sun is God's flaming beacon—a signal in the sky; the Thorah is God's flaming fire in the heart of every man; this is the parallelism of our poem. Without understanding the law and limitation of this parallelism, the "Lord's Prayer" even becomes incomprehensible. The epitome of ethics called the Sermon on the Mount becomes inane, without knowledge of the Semitic constructions and remembrance of Semitic exaggerations and hyperbole. Without insight into Semitic civilization—and its institutions and spirit, the prophet's voices remain sound, inarticulate.

This being the case, we would introduce this book into our public schools and have it merely read? Even if the law allowed comment on the passages read, are our average school-teachers competent to interpret them? But as we cannot allow interpretation, will the child understand them? Will such mechanical reading and listening work the change in the child's character when necessary? Will it build up character? We are once more confronted with the American belief in books and in authorities instead of the living faith in the living man and in the living woman. American erudition in law, in medicine, in the sciences, in almost every branch of human endeavor, is pinned to the faith in books and in authorities. Our whole constitutional life runs along these lines. Expanding needs of society may call for a new adjustment of the burdens of taxation—the supreme court will block the way by an appeal to the constitution, and undoubtedly the constitution is the impassable obstacle. A book written years ago cannot foresee the eventualities and necessities of time born later.

Our American lawyers with their precedents and their authorities, their quotations of books constantly, are types of the American mind. It is only within recent years that our American universities have broken with this fetichism of books and of text books in particular, but into the public schools this emancipation has not yet percolated. They still suffer too often from the tyranny of the text book, the dead letter, instead of enjoying the freedom of the living teacher, the living thought. And no wonder. There are teachers in our public schools that are the peer—yea, the superior of teachers in Germany and elsewhere, but their number is indeed easily counted. Most of our teachers are—the exceptions prove the rule—utterly unprepared for the task that they have assumed.

When Bishop Spalding provoked the violent discussion of the fitness of women to teach boys, in his exaggerated insistence on a reform of the prevailing practise, he laid the finger on a troublesome sore. The redemption is not pivoted on the alternative of either woman or man in the school-room. The need is men and women who become teachers by profession; whose ambitions do not run to other things; who do not look upon work in the school-room as a temporary make-shift; who would be teachers as long as there is strength in them. We need professional teachers in our school-rooms—for this purpose, of course, the school-house must be emancipated from politics, and boards of education, largely composed of politicians, even if they be of a higher order; the appointments must be permanent, and after faithful service teachers must have the right, not the concession, to claim support in their old age—the twenty and thirty years faithfully passed in the school-room shall confer the right to pay earned by the days of active utility. Professional teachers, well trained, not text books, must be the shibboleth of every true friend of our schools.

A text book of ethics is as superfluous and as fatal as any other. Whether it be a Biblical text book or a non-Biblical text book, a text book in ethics is of all text books the most ridiculous and the most to be condemned from the point of view of a pedagogue. Certainly ethical instruction, character building in the school-room is an imperative need. We must have it especially in this country to counteract the tendency to make success in every case the end of life and always its own justification. The Jesuits never preached so glaringly the immorality as we do practically avow it, that the end justifies the means. In this country, where as nowhere else money is worshiped, we need men and women that can resist the temptations which this worship of money engenders.

I do not wish to say aught against wealth honestly acquired. I do not belong to those that cannot understand the social and ethical function of wealth, even under individual control; but I do inveigh and every ethical teacher must inveigh against this inordinate hunger for wealth—this blind idolatry of wealth. Can we wonder that our children deem the acquisition of wealth the one and the all of their life; that whatever leads, or seems to lead, to wealth, they judge correct, and whatever does not, is condemned as inane, if not altogether spurned as unworthy of their growing manhood and their developing maidenhood? Can we wonder at this if in polite society, in political life, in public life, the sole credential and magnet is money? To the golden key all doors spring open. Nabob never so rude, never so illiterate, never so boorish, never so hard hearted, holds in his hand the fate of preacher in his congregation—he can make and unmake the brightest, the best man.

But this is merely one of the manifestations of the worship of gold. There are others: It is the rich man that has the ear of the public, for whoever is rich is therefore a smart man. The lawyer that does his work faithfully—but whose name is not flamed forth as the possessor of untold millions is looked upon as not worthy of confidence. The rich man is sought and courted, in this as in other professions. The preachers as a rule are poor, and of course are nobodies. Their business everybody understands—the rich man's son knows more about theology than the theologian does.

This idolatry of wealth, being universal, can we wonder that even educated men are too weak in crises of life to resist committing fraud and deception to become wealthy or maintain the pretense of owning money? Here is the root of the evil. The absence of the Bible from the schools is not the cause, the absence in the schools of a spirit which will open the eyes of the children—the future men and women, to the fact that there are higher things in life than the acquisition and the control of money—big money—great money! large bank accounts! influential positions in new syndicates and commanding posts in expeditions to rob the foolish and to shear the patient lambs. The call is for architects of character—sturdy character builders to mould men and women who prize duty higher than pomp and pleasure, work more than wealth.

And how can this be accomplished? Not by a text book. Indeed not! We all learned in our early days the decalogue, and it remained well nigh a sound for us. There is, I am tempted to say, none of us that was led by learning by heart the decalogue to remember its vital principles. Even "thou shalt not steal" we did not understand, by repeating it by rote. Men have recited the Sermon on the Mount, prayed the Lord's Prayer, yet unless the lesson was illustrated by its incarnate exemplars, the words remained bubbles of air, powerless to impel or to prevent. Mechanical exercises in Biblical texts will not build or change character, they are not the chemicals that will produce amalgams, or dissolve and precipitate a new solution, and produce a new crystal. What we need is the teacher in the school who understands his or her science, who is not merely full of the science, but also has the art, the holy art of her calling. If we have teaching of that kind in the school-room, every exercise becomes instruction in ethics, a means to character building. Calisthenics will be ethically lifted to the highest plane; instruction in history will become the running commentary on God's government without ever mentioning God's name; arithmetic will become a standing illustration of the great law that runs throughout all time and through all things, that indeed every flaw vitiates the end-results and will appear at one stage or another of the factoring. Twice two is four, is a moral law, and the teacher who understands this, will make the multiplication table an appeal for righteous living. Every patriotic song cannot but teach and inculcate principles higher than the worship of the golden calf. The name of the singer, now nation-revered poet, who wrote himself, you may say, by one poem into the heart of his people, Smith, the bard of our national song "My Country, 'tis of Thee" and every intonation of his immortal lines will be a flaming fire to cheer and to warm the hearts of the young with the knowledge that it is something to be an American; that our flag means something; that to be a citizen here entails duties and responsibilities; that politics is more than a dirty business, a struggle and haggling for spoils and offices; that an honest congressman need not be an ante-diluvian curiosity, that by all means the dishonest one should indeed become a strange exhibition after the general cleansing and in the pure atmosphere of patriotism. Does one teach crystalography, why the exactness of the lines in which the crystals run, the lines of cleavage, give opportunity to impress without preaching, the great law of accuracy that is fundamental to character and to morality. Does one teach geology, he can impress the lesson of service by the ascending rise of life even in the stone with one particle pillowing the other. One could teach in the school Sanscrit grammar and it would become for a true student an inspiration for character building and character broadening. The rules of grammar are exposed as rules of ethics under the touch of a competent teacher.

Why then a new text book? Even if it be a text book of Biblical verses, it will not be understood. Granted that as yet text books need be indispensable crutches to our halting feet:—There are no teachers in our public schools competent to explain the ethical teachings of the Bible. And by the very law fundamental to our public schools, a law that shall not be changed and cannot be changed, but must stand forever, interpretations of the Bible in the school are unlawful; they must not be tolerated in the school room. What then? A new but dead book? The children will recite, but this will have no effect upon their mind, upon their soul. It opens the door to disputes and to distrusts that should not be invited. Yea, we need moral instruction, true education is broader than the cultivation of the mind. To accomplish this, one reform is necessary—not the introduction of the Bible or a Biblical text book, or a book of Biblical selections, but a radically new departure in the management of our public schools, taking them out of politics entirely; giving the con-

trol to trained men that know what education implies, and to disciplined women that understand that education be more than tyranny of text books. Let us have teachers —teachers prepared for their work; teachers paid for their work; teachers honored for their work; teachers upheld in their work against school boards and against mothers and fathers that would meddle with them—let us have these, and the next generation of Americans will not be worshipers of the golden calf; they will know that to be an American man and an American woman is to be that with which the Jew, his Judaism inspires—an example of the highest and the best, the noblest and the deepest in human nature—service to man which is service to God—service to country, which is never less divine than service at the altar.

Let us keep this old Bible where it belongs. It is a treasure house of thought to those that understand how to bring up to the surface the hidden gems of the deep. As a fetich it is a failure—as a manual of history it has been superseded. It does not teach how the world was made, it teaches how men should be made. Men may be made in the schoolroom by those that have learned this lesson, but the book itself must not enter into our schools, if we value the peace of our community and the independence of our consciences. Amen.

The Home

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Sun.—Abounding Lord! in every place
Is built the Mecca of Thy grace.

Mon.—Who seeketh God shall find Him in the end.

Tues.—Man is in loss except he live aright,
And help his fellow to be firm and brave.

Wed.—Know ye not that God receives
Gladly back the soul which grieves?

Thurs.—What word is it bids us die, save that which made us live?

Fri.— Let each act
Assail a fault, or help a merit grow.

Sat.—The by-gone wrongs bring forth sorrows and woes,
The by-gone right breeds bliss.

—*Edwin Arnold.*

The Little Schoolma'am.

Speak of queens and empresses,
Or of other ladies royal,
Not one of them has half the power
Or subjects half so loyal
As she, the little schoolma'am.
Who trips along the way
To take the chair she makes a throne
At nine o'clock each day.

Her rule is ever gentle;
Her tones are low and sweet.
She is very trim and tidy
From her head unto her feet.
And it matters very little
If her eyes be brown or blue:
They simply read your inmost heart
Whene'er she looks at you.

The children bring her presents,
Red apples, flowers galore,
For all the merry girls and boys
This queen of theirs adore.
The darling little schoolma'am,
Who reigns without a peer
In a hundred thousand classrooms
This gayly flying year.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

LET us send your friends a sample copy of this paper.

The Robin's Egg.

What was ever so dainty of hue?
Who can tell, is it green, is it blue?
Look, little girl,
At this beautiful pearl
Hid in the nest of the robin!

Nay, little girl! Nay, nay, don't touch!
Wait for a week—a week's not much—
Then come here, and see
What there will be
Hid in the nest of the robin.

What shall you see? A wonderful sight,
Then, little girl, step light, step light,
That no sound may be heard
By the baby bird
Hid in the nest of the robin!

Boston Daily Globe.

SOMETHING FOR ALL.—The late Robert Louis Stevenson had a happy way of applying religion to life and showing how it should work out in practice. Talking one day to the children at a school in Samoa about the parable of the talents, he told them there were three they all possessed—*tongues*, that they must use to be cheerful and make those happy who were round them. *Faces*, that they must keep as bright as a new shilling, so that they might shine like lamps in their homes. *Hands*, that they must keep employed in useful work cheerfully done; and if they spend their lives in doing these things for the good of others, they might be told at last: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

A STORY OF LONGFELLOW.—Some time ago I read a little anecdote of Longfellow which illustrated his love for children. It seems that one little fellow in particular was fond of spending his time in the great poet's library. One day, after a long and patient perusal of the titles (to him great cumbersome works) that lined the shelves, the little chap walked up to Longfellow, and asked in a grieved sort of way: "Haven't you got a 'Jack the Giant Killer?'" Longfellow regretted to say that in all his immense library he did not have a copy. The little chap looked at him in a pitying way and silently left the room. The next morning he walked in with a couple of pennies tightly clasped in his chubby fist, and laying them down, told the poet that he could now buy a "Jack the Giant Killer" of his own.—*Harper's Round Table.*

FRIENDS will praise you for what you are and for what you have done; enemies will upbraid you for what you are not and for what you have not done, and arouse you to do it and to be it. Friends often flatter; enemies often tell the truth; and truth is a spur, while flattery is a clog.—*Dr. Joseph Krauskopf.*

WHAT a difference between the woman of nerves and the woman of nerve, and what a force it takes to remove one little letter!—*Eleonora Kinnicutt* in *November Century.*

THE DAKOTA JACK RABBIT.—The jack rabbit is a prairie institution that gives the settlers' dogs plenty of exercise. When the settler sees a jack rabbit for the first time—starts him up suddenly on the prairie, he imagines that by a quick movement he can lay his hands on him.

The rabbit is awkward, appears to be lame in every joint, holds up one foot as though it pained him, and altogether creates the belief that he is a dilapidated wreck of an ungainly, animate thing. The settler is surprised that he cannot "grab" him. The settler's dog, also, is confident that he can quickly make an end of the rabbit. He bristles, runs leisurely toward the rabbit, doubles his speed, doubles it again, triples that, quadruples the whole, when, lo! the rabbit disappears. There is some flying grass, a vanishing streak of light, a twinkling of two prodded feet extended rearward, and he is gone. The dog sits on his haunches and concludes that it was a dream, and that he did not see a rabbit at all.—*Exchange.*

READ the inducements offered on page 654 to old subscribers and for new ones. If you want to help THE NEW UNITY and be benefited thereby yourselves, be sure to read the offers made.

Eugene Field.

Aye, child, a sun has set:
A splendid light's gone out.
The cheer it cast about
Us all is gone, and yet—
Not gone.

For see, an after-glow
Still lingers in the sky
Effulged, and will not die.
'Tis twilight, child, and no—
Not night.

—*Jacob J. Abt.*

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would make no impression on the number of the germs, or bacilli, of consumption that exist in one affected lung. All germs are little enough, but those which cause consumption are exceedingly minute. Cod liver oil will not kill them when once in the lungs; neither do we know a remedy which will. The germs float about in the air and we cannot keep from breathing them into our lungs. Then why do not all of us have consumption? Because a healthy throat, sound lungs, and a strong constitution will not allow the germs to gain a foothold.

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The Liberal Field.

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

Joint Conference of the Liberal Churches of Michigan.

The conference of the liberal churches called by the Battle Creek Independent Church, Dec. 12th, was a very successful meeting, both in the number and harmonious spirit of the members, and in the cordial hospitality of the Battle Creek society. The following is the program:

9 A.M. Devotional meeting led by Rev. F. L. Crane, Charlotte, Mich. 10 A. M. Paper: State Organization and Missionary Work, by Rev. T. P. Byrnes, Manistee. Discussion, led by Rev. W. L. Gibbs, Concord. 11 A. M. Paper: The Sunday School Problem, by Rev. A. W. Gould, Chicago. Discussion, led by Rev. Olivia J. Carpenter, DeWitt.

2 P. M. Paper: Church Union, by Rev. F. T. Crane, Universalist Church, Charlotte. Discussion. 3 P. M. Paper: Is a Liberal Religion Capable of Inspiring its Adherents with Enthusiasm, Altruism and Self-Sacrifice? by Rev. J. C. Kimball, Unitarian Church, Ann Arbor.

7:45 P. M. Platform Meeting.

The Mission of the Free Church: "Intellectual," by Rev. W. A. Taylor, Unitarian Church, Jackson. "Ethical," by Rev. T. W. Illman, Universalist Church, Grand Rapids. "Social," by Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett, People's Church, Kalamazoo. "Spiritual," by Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Unity Church, Chicago. "These Four are One," by Rev. Lee McCollister, Universalist Church, Detroit.

With one exception all the persons on the program were present and gave interesting and able papers. Rev. W. L. Gibbs, of Concord, was chosen as temporary president of the meeting and Mr. Wm. Shakespeare, of Kalamazoo, as secretary. Rev. T. W. Illman, Grand Rapids, was named as chairman of the business committee to report on the best methods of co-operation among the liberals in Michigan. This committee reported a resolution calling for the appointment of a joint committee of six members, three of whom should be named by the Universalist State Convention and three by the Unitarian Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches, the function of this joint committee being to facilitate co-operation in state missionary work. This resolution was adopted unanimously and with enthusiasm.

Michigan Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches.

At the close of the afternoon session of the Conference of Liberal Churches at Battle Creek on Dec. 12th, the Unitarian Conference was called together to transact its annual business. There was present a very creditable number of delegates from seven or eight of the liberal churches in the state. Mr. A. C. Kingman, of the Independent Congregational Church of Battle Creek, was chosen president of the Conference for the coming year and Rev. T. P. Byrnes, of Manistee, was elected secretary and also chairman of the missionary committee. It was voted that the missionary committee should also act as the committee of co-operation with the three members selected by the Universalist convention. The Conference also unanimously voted to adopt the proposed plan of co-operation with the Western Unitarian Conference, and it chose the secretary of the Conference, Rev. T. P. Byrnes, to represent it as director on the Western Unitarian Conference board.

Chicago.

ALL SOULS CHURCH. A recent compilation of the activities of this church for the current season in the shape of a "Condensed Program," makes an eight page, closely printed circular dividing the work into thirty-two sections, which sections are again divided into two classes: (a) *How to get help*, which contains sixteen sections; (b) *How to give help*, happens to be represented by sixteen others, each section with a chairman announced. The study sections present their programs of work. The neighborhood work represented by these sections has been greatly steadied this year by a spontaneous movement which resulted in "The Helping League" or "Century Band" now just one hundred strong, who have each paid five dollars apiece, which fund goes to help along the local work. Last week the gentlemen of the church, recognizing their need of mutual acquaintance, held a banquet at the Athletic Club House, at which some fifty gentlemen sat down to supper together. After dinner addresses were made by Dr. Hirsch, Rabbi Stolz, Mr. White of the Stewart Avenue Universalist Church, as well as by several members within the parish. It was for sociability and inspiration alone. The invitation said "No business. No subscriptions. No dress suits." The result was gratifying to all concerned, and the second annual banquet will be looked forward to with interest.

Battle Creek, Mich.

The installation of the Rev. Thomas J. Horner as pastor of the Independent Congregational church took place last evening, in the presence of a congregation which filled the house. The services which throughout were notable for their appropriateness to the occasion, began with a voluntary on the organ by Prof. Barnes and a fine rendering of that ancient Christian hymn, the "Te Deum" by the choir. Then followed an impressive invocation by the Rev. A. W. Gould of Chicago, secretary of the Western Unitarian Association and the reading of Scripture by the Rev. Geo. W. Buckley, pastor of the Unitarian church at Sturgis. A hymn like those which followed, was sung by the congregation led by the organ and choir.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Charles G. Ames of Boston, successor to that distinguished divine, the late James Freeman Clarke, in the pulpit of the Church of the Disciples in that city. The subject was the mission of a Christian church, and the duty of a Christian minister, in meeting the requirements of the present age, and its treatment was in every sense worthy of the grandeur of the theme. The discourse was masterly alike in the rugged strength of its thought, the fertility of its practical suggestion and the aptness and force with which the obligations imposed by the essential teachings of Christianity were presented. It was an eloquent plea for charity and mutual tolerance, and it was especially insisted that this spirit of toleration should be manifested by those who have liberalized their theological views. The entire sentiment and spirit of the sermon were in general accord with the utterances of Lyman Abbott, the late Bishop Phillips Brooks and Henry Ward Beecher, and it would take a mental microscope of very high magnifying power, to detect in it any noteworthy divergence from the essential views held and taught by these divines.

At the close of the sermon, Mr. Albert C. Kingman, in behalf of the Independent Congregational church, proceeded to install the new pastor, which duty he performed in a remarkably felicitous manner, his address on the occasion being a notable feature of the evening's exercises. He happily alluded to the usage of the Pilgrim fathers of New England as establishing the precedent by which a church installed its own pastor, and said that this precedent was followed by the church which he represented, and proceeded to welcome Mr. Horner to its pastoral charge in language which for its pertinence to the occasion and style of utterance, was equally admirable. The large audience gave its emphatic endorsement of the welcome, and of the extremely fitting words in which it was made, by decisive and repeated applause in the clapping of hands. An impressive prayer of installation was made by the Rev. John C. Kimball, of Westford, Mass., after which the following hymn composed for the installation by Mrs. F. B. Horner, wife of the pastor installed, was sung:

Lord, bless this union, which tonight
We formally avow;
And may its future be as bright
As hope reveals it now!

Sure feet unto Thy servant be,
Which through the troubled way
Shall safely lead him on to Thee
As dawns Thy glorious day!

To him be clear, far-seeing eyes,
All evil to search through,

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THE
Atlantic Monthly
FOR JANUARY, 1896.
WILL CONTAIN

An Unpublished Note-Book of Hawthorne.
Written in 1839, while Hawthorne was, for a short time, Weigher and Gauger at the port of Boston.

The Country of the Pointed Firs.
A Story of Maine. By SARAH ORNE JEWETT, the author of "Deephaven," and the best known of New England's story-tellers.

The Emancipation of the Post-Office.
By JOHN R. PROCTER, Chairman U. S. Civil Service Commission. A forcible statement of the revolution to be brought about in our postal service by the recent consolidation of officers over large areas.

Congress Out-of-Date.
A presentation of the abuses due to the present method of convening Congress a year after its election, with some suggested remedies.

Pirate Gold. Part I.
The first installment of a three-part story of romantic Boston life in the fifties, by F. J. STIMSON (J. S. OF DALE).

The Christian Socialist Movement of the Century.
By J. M. LUDLOW, so identified with the work of Maurice and Kingsley.

The Johnson Club.
By GEORGE BIRKBECK HILL. An interesting account of the meetings of a number of distinguished Johnson enthusiasts.

The Children of the Road.
By JOSIAH FLYNT. A study of children among vagrants, by an authority widely recognized.

The Fête de Gayant.
By AGNES REPPLIER. One of Miss Repplier's most delightful sketches of travel.

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And 'midst the wrongs that round him rise,
  See but the good to do!

Be Thou to him a faithful mind;
  The impress of Thy seal
On every thought, clear and deep lined,
  May he most surely feel.

Then shall his heart with love o'erflow,
  To light the path for all;
The deaf shall hear, the sightless know,
  The lame fear not to fall.

The Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett, pastor of the People's church, Kalamazoo, then in behalf of the churches of the liberal communion, extended the right hand of fellowship to Mr. Horner in a beautifully worded and eloquent address, presenting the prominent principles for which these churches stand. At the conclusion she gracefully extended her welcome with both hands, accompanying the greeting with a felicity of expression which evoked the liveliest demonstration from the audience.

The address of the people was given by the Rev. Benj. R. Bulkeley of Chicago, and in its pith, manly vigor of thought and earnestness, was such as his audience had reason to expect of a successor of the famous Robert Collyer in the pulpit of Unity church. It was eminently practical and impressive and was listened to with the deepest attention. After the offertory, the closing prayer was made by Prof. Hamilton King of Olivet College and the services were concluded by the singing of a hymn announced and read by the newly installed pastor, who also pronounced the benediction.

The event here mentioned is an important one in the history of the church, and is auspicious of high promise for its future.—From a Battle Creek *Daily*.

Cincinnati, O.

College Hall, the meeting place of the congregation of Unity Church, was crowded to its utmost capacity, by a most intelligent audience, in honor of the ordination and installation of Geo. R. Gebauer, on Sunday evening, Dec. 8th. The representative liberal ministers of Cincinnati assisted in the services, Rev. Geo. A. Thayer, Rev. John Goddard, Rev. David Philipson, Rev. Hugo G. Eisenlohr, while Rev. T. B. Forbush of Chicago delivered the installation sermon. Rev. E. A. Coil of Marietta, who was unable to be present, was represented by his manuscript, which was ably read by Dr. Thayer. Mr. Stephen G. Jones, chairman of the board of trustees of Unity Church, delivered the installation address. The services were interspersed with excellent music by the choir under the direction of the organist Prof. Jos. P. Donnelly. Mr. Gebauer has already, in his short stay in this city, won for himself many friends, and his able sermons have awakened more interest in liberal religion than has ever here been evidenced.

Freeport, Ill.

A large audience attended the services last Sunday evening. The secretary spoke on Prof. John Tyndall's scientific ideas in their relation to prayer, and to old forms of faith. The work seems to be taking deeper and deeper root. The Sunday School is in excellent condition under the superintendence of Mrs. Wheeler, and has now increased in number to thirty-five. A. N. ALCOTT.

Madison, Wis.

A finely printed and well edited monthly comes from this city published by the Young People's Guild of the Unitarian church. It is for free distribution as a missionary enterprise. Number one contains a "Historical Sketch" of the church, a column of "Church Activities," a page from one of Mr. Simonds' sermons on "The Foundation of a Liberal Religion," the "Letter to the Church," issued by the National Conference

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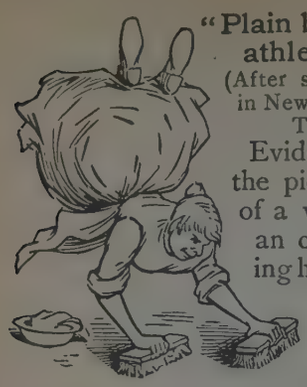

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[From THE NEW UNITY, May 2, 1895.]

The selection we give in another column from "The House Beautiful"—one of Mr. Gannett's uplifting studies which James H. West has just published—was not made because it was the most inspiring word the pamphlet contains. Where all is so good perhaps there is no best, though to our mind the section on "The dear Togetherness" is fullest of strength, sweetness, and light. But this extract was selected simply because it was the shortest that could be made to stand by itself. By sending its publisher fifteen cents our readers can procure the little book for themselves; and if they want to be strengthened and lifted up, they will do so.

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and two interesting columns at the end on the Young People's Guild and the other on the joint Thanksgiving Services in that city, on which occasion Mr. Simonds was not only invited to be present but to deliver the sermon. The article on the Guild will be reproduced in our *Study Club*. The name of this new church publication is *The Ideal Church* and if the succeeding numbers are as excellent as this initial one, it will be quite an ideal paper.

Tacoma, Wash.

WHEREAS, we have heard with deepest regret of the death of Octavius B. Frothingham, of Boston, one of the foremost thinkers of his time; an honest, earnest and fearless advocate of the cause of Universal religion; a warm friend and honorary trustee of this society; a frequent contributor to the pages of its organ—the Free Church Record; therefore

Be it Resolved, by the members of the First Free Church of Tacoma that it is the feeling of this organization that we have lost a true and tried friend and the cause for which we stand a valued supporter and exponent, whose services so valuable in the past will continue to bear fruit in the years to come, and also

Be it Resolved, that this preamble and resolution be entered upon the records of the First Free Church of Tacoma and copies thereof be sent by the secretary to the family of Mr. Frothingham, and for publication in the *Free Church Record*, *The Christian Register*, *The Unitarian*, THE NEW UNITY, *The Southern Unitarian* and *Pacific Unitarian*.

Notice.

If the subscribers to the NEW UNITY, who are sending the paper to me, will give their address in full on the first page of the next paper they send, it will be a help to my post-office work. I could use a score more copies of this paper to good advantage. It is most excellent and helpful. If you are tempted to destroy or leave unused a single paper, REMEMBER ME and the POST-OFFICE MISSION.

JOHN S. BROWN,
Lawrence, Kansas.

The Sunday School.

The World Is Saved by the Breath of the School Children.

Western Unitarian S. S. Society.

At the December meeting of the directors of the W. U. S. S. Society, held on the 10th, there were present, Messrs. Bulkeley, Scheible and Gould, the latter presiding, Mrs. Perkins, Miss Lord and Mrs. Leonard.

Following the secretary's minutes and the treasurer's report for the month's finances, the president reported that steps had been taken to hold a Liberal Sunday School Union at Davenport the middle of January, in pursuance of the action taken at the last conference recommending such meetings. Mr. Gould also reported that a third edition of "Beginnings" has just been issued and a second edition of the revised S. S. Services and Songs. E. T. LEONARD, Sec'y.

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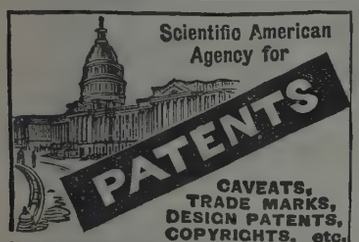

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Miscellanea.

Helped by Being Hindered.

There is nothing we have more cause to be grateful for than hindrances and obstacles. Having an easy time is having a hard time. If we are slipping or sliding, we are not going up hill; yet going up hill is essential to an outlook from a lofty summit. Mountain climbing is better than hammock swinging for him who would gain strength and develop his muscles; but it requires energy and effort to resist such hindrances and overcome obstables. It goes against nature; and that is one reason why it is better for a man. If a young man has to work for a living, he is more likely to succeed than if he has everything he wants. If his studies are not in the line of his inclinations, he can gain more from them than if they were all in the direction of his tastes and fancies. Even when he is interrupted in his studies, and is compelled by the state of his health or the needs of others to turn aside from his chosen pursuit, he may be the gainer beyond his highest anticipations; for his best self is called out in the meeting or the enduring of unlooked-for burdens and trials. A moral and mental gymnasium is sure to be furnished with appliances for exercising the muscles and testing and taxing the strength. Rocking-chairs and lounges have no place there.—*Sunday School Times.*

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A Hundred Years of Our Commerce.

It is fitting that the victories of peace should be remembered and celebrated, as well as those of war-times. One of the great events of our American history was the conclusion of a commercial treaty with England just one hundred years ago, through the satisfactory mission of Chief Justice John Jay, who was sent by Washington to London at a time of severe strain between the two countries. Although our independence had been acknowledged twelve years before, the British had all along refused to vacate a number of military posts which they held upon our soil near the northern frontier, and had absolutely declined to send a minister to this country or to enter into definite trade relations through the establishment of a commercial treaty. The disdainful and unjust treatment of this country by Great Britain had reached a point which American susceptibilities could scarcely endure. But for the conservatism and good judgment of President Washington, it is probable that war would have been declared. The one man in the United States best qualified to conduct negotiations with England was John Jay, of New York, who had served for a number of years as secretary of state and had subsequently been made chief justice. From the foundation of our government down to that period of acute excitement over the slavery question which preceded the Civil War, no other one thing made so violent and bitter a discussion among our people as the ratification of the Jay treaty. It was, however, ratified; and there was begun a period of progress which makes the year 1795 a memorable one in our commercial annals. The Jay treaty was very far from being perfectly satisfactory, but England would do no better by us. It did not secure American rights at a number of points, and those unsettled questions led eventually to the War of 1812. But it was in every way fortunate for our young country that the inevitable second war with England was thus postponed, through Mr. Jay's negotiations, for nearly twenty years. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew is the editor-in-chief of an important volume, which records in a series of chapters prepared by different writers, the story of one hundred years of commercial progress, and which is designed to commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of the Jay treaty. The event was also celebrated in New York by a great banquet on the 19th of December.—December *Review of Reviews.*

"Eighteen."

MRS. EMMA E. MAREAN'S little collection of poems entitled "Eighteen," are for sale at All Souls' Church, Chicago. Address mail orders to Mrs. M. H. Lackersteen, 3939 Langley Ave.

Spencer's Heroic Struggles.

Those who know Mr. Spencer by his books alone may have thought of him merely as devoting himself to philosophy out of the abundance of his material wealth and comfort. The truth is far otherwise. No man ever lived a more ascetic life or denied himself more, for the sake of the task he had undertaken for humanity. In his evidence given before the Commission on Copyright he tells us in plain words, though in the most severely impersonal and abstract manner, the story of his hard and noble fight during the unrecognized days of his early manhood. Not a fight for bread, not a fight for fame, remember, but a fight for truth. For his first book, "Social Statics," in 1850, he could not find a publisher willing to take any risk; so he was obliged to print it at his own cost, and sell it on commission. The edition consisted of only seven hundred and fifty copies; and it took no less than fourteen years to sell. Such are the rewards of serious thought in our generation! Five years later, he printed the original form of the "Principles of Psychology." Again no publisher would undertake the risk, and he published on commission. Once more, seveu hundred and fifty copies were printed; and the sale was very slow. "I gave away a considerable number," says Mr. Spencer pathetically; "and the remainder sold in twelve and a half years." During all that time, we may conclude from the sequel, he not only made nothing out of those two important and valuable books, but was actually kept out of pocket for his capital sunk in them.—December *Review of Reviews.*

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for our being. Dear little boy, you and the sea are the small and the infinite. And the sea is small and you are infinite.

WILLIAM KENT.

heart's manger find place undefiled;
ere today, not less than of old,
beautiful Bethlehem story is told,
n each heart on the glad Christmas morn
leavenly love of the Christ-child is born.

ttle children, joyfully sing—
the glad birthday of Jesus the King!

—LYDIA AVERY COONLEY.

TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

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Editorial

"Now, child, altho thou be comen of God,
And be God, thyself, in thy manhood,
Yet I know that in thy childhood
Thou wilt for sweet-meat look.
To pull down apples, pears and plums,
Old Joseph shall not need to hurt his thumbs,
Because thou hast not plenty of crumbs,
I give thee here my nut hook."
—From an old Chester play of the early 15th Century.

Merry Christmas!!

Yes, dear friends of THE NEW UNITY band, we greet you in the spirit of the season. Laying aside our cares and anxieties, forgetting the weariness and perplexities, rising above the things that divide, we greet you in the spirit of Merry Christmas.

But to be merry we must be thoughtful. We like the Christmas that is Christian but we like better the Christmas that is human. Christianity is a great estate but humanity is a greater. The Mother and Christ-child appeal profoundly to the human heart but none the less profoundly should the Father and Christ-child. Mary may represent the ideality of the Christian church but it takes Mary and Joseph to represent the ideality of universal religion and so if dedications are in order, we dedicate this Christmas number to Father Joseph, such a one as the great master artist has given us in our frontispiece, a thoughtful, strong, loving father. The Nazarene carpenter? Yes; but not only the Nazarene carpenter.

In striving after a symbol of universal devotion and love may not our Christmas spirit quiet somewhat the rather pugilistic tendencies of the hour? Let our prayer still be for "peace on earth" not for "war with England." Not the "Monroe Doctrine" for America but the "Monroe Doctrine" for the world. If England, still keeping up the old aggressiveness, violates the law of love which protects the weak and defends the inefficient, let the United States appeal be not to the arbitrament of battle but to the conscience of the world. Let it ask the nations of the globe to join with it in asking England to arbitrate a mooted question. Justice need never fear arbitration. If England refuses, then let England make war not with the United States but with the enlightened conscience and the larger justice of the civilized world.

But we will not mar our Christmas greeting with even a peace thought that may lead to disputations. Some other time these discussions will be in order, but this time we greet the world in the world inclusive strain of the great chant of universal religion,

"PEACE ON EARTH,
GOOD WILL TO MEN!"

THE December number of *The New World* contains tempting articles on the "Anabaptists" by W. E. Griffis, "Tito Melema" by Julia H. Gulliver of the Rockford College of Rockford, Ill., and "The Tendencies of Thought in Modern Judaism" by David Philipson and much other matter to commend it to the thoughtful. There is no better intellectual provender offered than that in the pages of *The New World*.

IF the University of Chicago put its publication ability into the "*Biblical World*," the faculty of Columbia College expresses itself most fully in its "*Political Science Quarterly*." The December number completes its tenth year of existence and the retrospect here offered is a most flattering one. To those who may choose to avoid the formidable figures, the articles on "Liquor Legislation in Endland" or "Geography and Sociology" will attract and edify.

THE sympathy of all our readers will go out to the Rev. Seward Baker of Sterling to whom befell a horrible accident last week. In leaving a moving train near his home he was drawn under the wheels and so mangled as to necessitate the amputation of both his feet. He has recovered the first shock of amputation and his recovery is expected. The Peoples Church under his charge was in a most interesting condition of growth and hopefulness and we trust even yet his ministry may continue and the bright hopes awakened be realized.

THE *Journal of the Maha-bodhi Society* published in Calcutta under the editorial management of the serene and winning Dharmapala of gracious memory to those who attended the Parliament of Religions, for November and December, a double number has arrived. The pages bristle with missionary zeal, a zeal for kindness and love. Its motto bids its messengers to "wander forth for the gain of the many, the welfare of the many, in compassion for the world, for the good. * * * Proclaim the doctrine glorious! Preach ye a life of holiness, perfect and pure." And is not this our Christmas refrain?

"THE IDEAL CHURCH,"—this is the title of an attractive local paper issued by the Unitarian Church of Madison. This is not only a good name for a paper but it is the only church worth working for or preaching for. It is not the business of religion now to stop with expediencies but to hold high forever the banner of the ideal. Failure in its pursuit is far more glorious than success in the pursuit of any intermediate good. Alas, for the minister or the church that feels called upon to build half way houses in religion, or to ask what ought I to do before I begin to work, pray for and teach the ideal. The first and last thing to do is to pursue the ideal on straight and not on devious lines.

WE are glad to present on our title page a picture too little known in art, as we have tried to show elsewhere too little understood in life. It is from Guido Reni's "Flight into Egypt." The original picture is in the possession of the St. Petersburg gallery. It has been reproduced most effectively in the Braun autotypes. Our own cut is a reproduction of the photograph in the St. Petersburg catalogue which we were permitted to use through the courtesy of W. R. French, Director of the Art Institute of Chicago. This institute contains more helps to culture and to religion than are utilized. Art is the antidote for bigotry as well as for coarseness. It refines and strengthens. Let the art institutes of our cities be visited more often.

LAST week we spoke commendatory of the Sunday closing movement in Chicago and elsewhere. This week we desire to enter our most earnest protest against another cruel outbreak of Sabbatarianism. This time it is in Ontario, Canada. Three ministers of the Seventh Day Adventists faith, whose habit is to observe the Saturday according to their convictions, have been arrested, fined and in default of fine imprisoned in the county jail for from forty to sixty days. The facts are well authenticated and we desire to express heartiest fellowship for the International Religious Liberty Association, whose headquarters is at Battle Creek, Mich., whose object is to resent such abuses and to defend the victims. The case has been ap

pealed to a higher court at Toronto. It can scarcely be possible that in this so-called enlightened age, this absurdity as well as atrocity can be sustained by the court of higher judgment and broader sense.

Our faithful yoke fellow, the *Non-Sectarian* monthly published in St. Louis under the able editorial management of Mr. H. R. Whitmore, has merged its identity with the *To-day* published in Philadelphia under the editorship of Rev. F. A. Bisbee. The December number closes the fifth volume. The *Non-Sectarian* has fought a good battle in the interest of liberal religion, as the editor says in his valedictory, "The work has been a labor of love in a cause dear to our heart and has been done willingly. * * * We vacate our position with mingled feelings of regret and satisfaction, regret at the sundering of ties which have been the source of heart-felt pleasure, satisfaction in the hope of having accomplished somewhat of good and in resigning the work to abler hands in a wider sphere of usefulness." We gladly bear testimony to the earnest devotion of our colleague and also desire to express our thanks for the cordial fellowship he has granted us in our common work. The fellowship and the work will continue though in other forms. Success to the *To-day*. May it help us ever to a nobler to-morrow.

The *Biblical World*, a monthly published by the "University of Chicago Press," of which Dr. Harper is editor-in-chief, has made its December number a beautiful Christmas number. It is illustrated with many masterpieces. The Hoffman Christ-child head is on the title page. The leading article is by the editor-in-chief on "The Foreshadowing of the Christ in the Old Testament" in which the argument for the supernatural Christ on the score of prediction is attenuated to the utmost limit. But still at the end the author gathers himself together and reasserts "a divine plan which has been executed by an influence." The article in the main follows the line of recent criticism, but every now and then the preconceived notions of the theologian overstate the conclusions of the scholar as when he says that "the Hebrew nation stood alone in its overwhelming sense of heinousness of crime." What of the Parsi's tireless struggle between right and wrong? And again he tells that there is "no such thing as Messianic prophesy in any literature of the ancient time except that of the Old Testament." What were the dreams of Buddha and of Plato but Messianic dreams? Even in Skandinavian mythology is there not a Messianic glow in the promise of the ultimate triumph of Balder the beautiful?

A New Hymn and Tune Book.*

Our tardiness in speaking of this new hymn-book is due to our appreciation of the volume and the desire to give it more than a brief notice. The name of the literary editor, Mrs. Mary W. Tileston, awakens interest beforehand as well as high expectation in regard to her part; while that of the musical editor, Mr. Arthur Foote, gives no less assurance of taste and judgment in the matter of the music. Mrs. Tileston's compilations have won deserved favor,—notably her "Quiet Hours" (Series I. and II. in one volume), which is the best selection of its kind within our knowledge. "Hymns for Church and Home" is virtually a new work, not a mere revision and enlargement of "Hymns for the Church Universal," in the preparation of which Mrs. Tileston shared with her brother, the late Rev. Henry Wilder Foote. It is a handsome volume of eight hundred hymns, together with chants and chorales, beautifully printed on fine paper. The table of contents is well arranged and more helpful in finding hymns than such tables often are. Indexes of tunes, of composers and of authors are given.

One impression from a first glance at the book has grown steadily upon us in its further and frequent perusal; namely, the wide field which the editor has brought under tribute and the evident care and judgment bestowed upon the choice of hymns. The work has manifestly been one of love. The Catholicity is marked, not only in respect of the ecclesiastical connection of the writers, but also in respect of those conventional distinctions which blind many people to the devout and lyrical verse, whether whole poems or passages therein, to be found in literature at large and not labelled "religious." The collection accordingly is to an unusual extent representative of life, of the soul in all its varied environment and inward experience, while it has due regard to those more special features and associations connected with instituted religion. Lovers of the old and familiar hymns will find very many of their favorites here; but, with perhaps an occasional exception, these have been included clearly on their intrinsic merit, while others for lack of such merit have been displaced by more recent hymns voicing better the thought and faith of the new time. Watts, Charles Wesley, Montgomery and Doddridge have hitherto dominated the hymn-books of English-speaking Protestants. Our debt to these men can hardly be overestimated, not only for the lasting merit of so many of their hymns, but for the impulse they gave, especially Watts and Wesley, to the element of song in the religious meeting. But their best hymns combined with the scarcity of supply at the time to float their poor and poorest on the religious market; and, once in collections widely used, the old proverb holds true of hymns,—possession is nine points of the law. Associations are a great preservative of hymns, irrespectively of intrinsic merit. A sifting process has been gradually going on, however, and the result is noticeable in newer collections, especially in those more independently edited. In the "Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church," of the 1117 hymns, 308 are from Wesley, 78 from Watts, 47 from Montgomery and 23 from Doddridge. There are none from Samuel Longfellow and only two from Whittier. In "The Baptist Hymnal" (American Baptist Publication Society, 1883) containing 704 hymns, there are 111 from Watts, 34 from Wesley, and 21 each from Montgomery and Doddridge; none from Samuel Longfellow and only one from Whittier. Dr. Abbott's "Plymouth Hymnal" for its 638 hymns takes 48 from Watts, 27 each from Wesley and Montgomery and 9 from Doddridge, while Whittier is represented by 8 and Longfellow by 5. "Church Harmonies Old and New," the handsome Universalist hymn book recently published, contains 708 hymns; of these 20 are from Watts, 18 from Wesley, 15 from Montgomery and 4 from Doddridge, while 11 are from Whittier and 13 from Longfellow. Yet more marked in this respect are Dr. Hunter's "Hymns of Faith and Life" (Glasgow, 1889) and Rev. A. W. Oxford's "Berwick Hymnal" (Revised ed., London, 1888). Of the 695 hymns in the former only 4 are from Watts, 4 from Wesley, 6 from Montgomery and 5 from Doddridge; and of the 474 hymns in the Berwick Hymnal only 2 are from Watts, 5 from Wesley, 3 from Montgomery and 1 from Doddridge, while in both books Longfellow and Whittier are very largely drawn upon. We have referred in these comparisons to Longfellow and Whittier both for themselves and as representatives of the best recent contributions to hymnology; for the collections that recognize most these writers may be said in proportion to recognize the best modern material for a hymn-book. Mrs. Tileston is more conservative of the old in her "Hymns for Church and Home" than some of the foregoing, and in the main wisely so, we think; but she draws also very largely from the best modern hymns. Thus with her 46 from Watts, 35 from Wesley, 34 from Montgomery and 22 from Doddridge (in a collection of 801), she has 25 from Longfellow, 19 from Whittier, 18 from Thomas H. Gill, 9 from Faber, 8 from Furness, 7 from Samuel Johnson, 4 from Eliza Scudder and more or less hymns from other authors of like spirit and quality to these, including names familiar to readers of the New Unity. She has also laid hold of the scattered one or two hymns, here and there, wherein the author has sung rarely well and has sung no more. Take the volume all in all, as a large and varied supply of material, we think it unequaled, certainly unsurpassed, by any collection of hymns and tunes within our knowledge. For ourself and for our own pulpit use we would not have included some hymns which are here admitted; but this is on the ground of their christological implication rather than for their lack of merit as hymns. Of these the most striking instance that occurs to us is "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

As Dr. Everett said in his admirable paper at the recent National Conference, with that subtle humor that often gleams in his most serious discourse, "the Unitarian knows little of diadems and prostrate angels"; and such hymns seem as foreign to our growing recognition of the real Man of Nazareth as the

*Hymns for Church and Home, with Tunes. Boston: American Unitarian Association, 1895.

Christ of the mediæval church is apart from the Jesus of the waysides and the mount. But these hymns form but a very small portion of the whole, and we are well aware of what may be said for inclusiveness in a book intended for wide use. On the other hand we are glad that the editor, admitting some hymns which we should not, has kept them in their original and most familiar form, as, for example, in the beautiful hymn "Jesus, lover of my soul"; and throughout the collection there is shown a conscientious regard for the author's right to his own words, and such slight changes as are made are properly indicated.

As we have already said, these hymns are to an unusual extent representative of life; of the soul in all its varied environment and inward experience. There is a very large element of universality pervading the book, the essential—human, apart from the historic and special. The editor says in her preface that "endeavor has been made to provide an ample number of hymns of thankfulness, joy and hope, and of active service"; and this has been well done. We could wish, in view of her admirable little volume "Daily Strength for Daily Needs," that the editor had compiled a series of "responsive services" even at cost of space allotted to hymns. We feel sure that it would have been done with spiritual insight and literary skill, and would be of use in many congregations. Perhaps this may sometime follow.

Of the music of the book we do not feel competent to speak as a critic. There are some new and many comparatively new tunes here by composers who have done most in recent years to improve the quality of church music; and the best of the old and familiar tunes seem to have been retained. In these respects we judge the book to have great merit. The name of the musical editor, as we have said, is a guaranty of good judgment and taste here. F. L. H.

Old and New.

Star Dust Revealed by a Sunbeam.

ONE autograph-collector at least has been rewarded for his pains. In reply to a request from an admirer of "Trilby," Mr. Du Maurier sent a sketch representing himself wearing angel's wings and a forked tail and holding a cigarette, in the smoke of which one reads the following: "Some seem to think he's got wings like an angel—some, that he's got a cloven hoof and a forked tail! He is quite an ordinary little man, I assure you—*un vieux petit bourgeois—ni bon ni mauvais, et tris malheureux qui on s' occupe tant de lui.*"

A GREAT part of the work by which the world knows Professor Huxley was done after dinner, and after a hard day's work in the lecture-room and laboratory. He never spared himself. Often and often have I known him leave the circle of family and friends, of which he was the life, very early in the evening and betake himself to his library, a room of which the only luxury was books. If remonstrated with, or appealed to for another half-hour, he would only shake his head. There was something to be done. And it would be midnight or 1 or 2 o'clock before it was done, and then he was up at seven in the morning. I sometimes thought he had no higher happiness than work; perhaps nobody has. He would dine on a little soup and a bit of fish; more than that was a clog on his mind. "The great secret," he said, "is to preserve the power of working continuously sixteen hours a day if need be. If you cannot do that you may be caught out any time."—*Scribner's.*

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

A Blessing on the Dance.

From "Christmas-Night in the Quarters."

IRWIN RUSSELL.

O Mahsr! let dis gath'rin' fin' a blessin' in yo' sight!
Don't jedge us hard fur what we does—you knows it's Chrismus-night;
An' all de balunce ob de yeah we does as right's we kin.
Ef dancin's wrong, O Mahsr! let de time excuse de sin!

We labors in de vineya'd, wukin' hard an' wukin' true;
Now, shorely you won't notus, ef we eats a grape or two,
An' takes a leetle holiday,—a leetle restin'-spell,—
Bekase, nex' week, we'll start in fresh, an' labor twicet as well.

Remember, Mahsr,—min' dis, now,—de sinfulness ob sin
Is 'pendin' 'pon de sperrit what we goes an' does it in:
An' in a righchis frame ob min' we's gwine to dance an' sing,
A-feelin' like King David, when he cut de pigeon-wing.

It seems to me—indeed it do—I mebbe mout be wrong—
That people raly *ought* to dance, when Chrismus comes along;
Des dance bekase dey's happy—like de birds hops in de trees,
De pine-top fiddle soundin' to de bowin' ob de breeze.

We has no ark to dance afore, like Isrul's prophet king;
We has no harp to soun' de chords, to holp us out to sing;
But 'cordin' to de gif's we has we does de bes' we knows,
An' folks don't 'spise de vi'let-flower bekase it ain't de rose.

You bless us, please, sah, eben ef we's doin' wrong to-night;
Kase den we'll need de blessin' more'n ef we's doin' right;
An' let de blessin' stay wid us, untel we comes to die,
An' goes to keep our Chrismus wid dem sheriffs in de sky!

Yes, tell dem preshis anguls we's a-gwine to jine 'em soon:
Our voices we's a-trainin' fur to sing de glory tune;
We's ready when you wants us, an' it ain't no matter when—
O Mahsr! call yo' chillen soon, an' take 'em home! Amen.

Christmas Day in Ceylon.

It was on Christmas Eve that we arrived in Kandy, and by sunrise the next morning I was out to greet in the tropics the blessed day. Child of the wintry North, where was I? No sound of sleigh-bells jingled on the frozen air. No frost-nipped imagination suggested overcoat or mittens. The charming little lake close at hand, breathed, indeed, its invitation—not, however, to skim with skates its icy surface, but to jump into its bosom for a delicious swim. In circuit a mile or more, it was overhung with royal palms,—the most beautiful of all the palms,—and with century-old tamarind-trees, dipping the feathery tips of their branches into the water. A wealth of flowering vines—scarlet, purple, gold—climbed every tree trunk and festooned every cliff. Close at hand was the Buddhist monastery, and on its steps the yellow-robed monks and acolytes chanting their hymns and prayers. Men, women and children on the road greeted me with a winning charm unknown to our angular race, their beautiful eyes suffused with a Nirvana-like peace, which, though their lips uttered no Merry Christmas, yet breathed its loving spirit on the air. Thus gently sauntering along, I completed the circuit of the lake to where its waters overflow in a plunge thirty feet down into a lovely pool. Then what a picture!

Men, women and children were reveling in their early morning bath,—the men and boys rioting in splendid somersaults from the cliffs; the women huddled together more apart, but laughing and chattering in the merriest way. And now the genuine Christmas-gift spirit revived in my heart. No pent-up Utica of presents, as at home, of fur gloves and knit hug-me-tights longer contracted my powers. My soul expanded in tropical exuberanee. I yearned to be an Indian prince with ample means to create crystal-clear Diana baths like this for happy people in Massachusetts to leap into on every early morning of December 25,—the blessed season of the year, when, as all New Englanders so well know, the air is so deliciously warm, the water so seducive in its invitation, and the pleasure so exquisite of lying out in the golden sunshine to dry.

On Christmas day, if ever in the year, a principle of pure disinterested sympathy with the joys of others should be the dominant note of the soul. Yet, how much easier is it to be thus unselfish under certain conditions than under others! Nowhere, for example, the man who shares a more absolute faith than I in the tonic virtue of a zero winter climate,—especially shares it when lying out in luxurious ease in the tropics. That day, then, I felt so disinterestedly glad for all the dear ones in America, so thankful that they were experiencing the fine exhilarations of the snow and ice tingling in their blood, and that their cheeks were so ruddy and their appetites so whetted as with a scythe-stone. No trace of envy breathed a stain on the smooth mirror of my soul. Their superabundant energy, their freedom from any desire for a moment's rest, their magical power of extracting sunbeams from anthracite, their capacity to get pleasure out of one little evergreen bush, in alleviation of the bare, wind-lashed oaks and maples around them. Yes, it seemed so graciously delightful to lie stretched out under a tamarind-tree and to contemplate all this as the happy lot of others. Whole groups of them could I see, in my mind's eye, holding on tight to their hats and bonnets as they staggered out from their front doors to face the blizzard, while congratulatingly I cried: "Ah! that is the making of a hardy, brave, virtuous and much-enduring people. Long may you be subjected to it!"

In the tropics, the sense of the sweetness of rest carries with it a primal, elemental meaning it can rarely share in a far northern climate. In Massachusetts, for example, it is Tennyson's poem of "Ulysses," the gray-haired old mariner, who at eighty is too nervously restless to sit down in quiet for an hour by his fireside to reflect on past experience, but must be projecting some new seal or walrus voyage to Baffin's Bay or beyond; it is the "Ulysses" that carries the day in attraction over any poetry of dreamy rest like "The Lotus-Eaters." While "The Lotus-Eaters" is an exquisite rendering of the inmost essence of the Buddhistic ideal of Nirvana, the only ideal of Nirvana that appears to sanction repose to the average American housekeeper, haunted by seven dust devils that will not go out of her, or harried by her exacerbated conscience into an endless vortex of committee meetings, seems to be the final goal of fairly earned collapse in nervous prostration. Then first is her moral being temporarily at peace. "I would if I could; but if I cannot, how can I? But ache hard, O head, and pain wearily, O spine, that I may feel myself justified in the eye of heaven and earth in submitting to the mortification of trying to compass a little rest!" This is not the view entertained in Ceylon.—From "*This Goodly Frame the Earth,*" by FRANCIS TIFFANY.

LET us send your friends a sample copy of this paper.

A Visit to the Dresden Gallery.

The following extract from a private letter is from a Sunday School worker who followed Mr. Fenn's course of New Testament studies based on masterpieces of art, in the fourth year of the six years' course. The letter will not only be interesting to the teachers and pupils who pursued that course, but to all readers for the interesting light it throws upon contemporary art, particularly the works of one who is probably the greatest religious painter of the day, Mr. Hoffman.—*Editors.*

In the Dresden gallery aside from the Sistine Madonna, which was not used in the course, I found Correggio's Holy Night, Ecce Homo and Paul on Mars' Hill—this last a tapestry from a cartoon of Raphael's. If my memory were less treacherous or had I possessed a list of the twenty-two pictures used by the W. U. S. S. S. in their lessons of two years ago, I think I could have located one or two more. This was my second pilgrimage to the Sistine Madonna and I did not haste to sit before it. I wished it as a climax and could enjoy in a leisurely way the preliminary feast spread before me. Correggio's Holy Night at first made a powerful impression upon me, and I found courage at the end of my first day at the gallery to say that the attitude of mother love in it impressed me more than the tranquil and elevated beauty of the Sistine Madonna. This is rank heterodoxy, I know, and I will admit that before I left Dresden I was brought to my knees, so to speak, before the Sistine Mother. I am ready to say that it is the most impressive picture I have ever seen, but I also realize that its alone-ness—being in a cabinet by itself—gives it a far better opportunity to make itself felt, unhindered by intruding neighbors, than is vouchsafed to most other great pictures. It was restful to sit in the quiet room where generally loud voices are hushed; but spite of all my admiration, I see in it an awed woman rather than a loving mother. (Perhaps Raphael meant us to feel that.) On the contrary, Correggio's Holy Night is running over full of mother tenderness—enough of it for a Pompilia—but the face is so simpering soft that one would choose to see it in a copy too small to make distinct the features. There are many of Correggios here, few of which I care for, but in one, called the Madonna Enthroned, in which the faces are most satisfactory. The mother's face is noble and beautiful and the attendant saints neither weak or over sanctimonious.

In a collection of modern paintings I had a pleasant surprise in seeing old friends from the Columbian Exposition. Several of Deffrayer's, among them the Tyrolese Smithy, The Soldier's last Message and Forging of the Anchor. Munkacsy's Crucifixion is here and is painfully impressive. I am tired of such subjects and could easily dispense with about three-fourths of the subjects harped upon by the old masters. Again I saw Gross's "Dante's Hell." It wrings my heart. The photograph gives only a faint idea.

Now let me tell you what pleased me most of all in Dresden. Hoffman's Christ in the Temple is the most famous picture in the modern gallery. I learned that he is a resident of Dresden and that he gives one hour a week (Sunday from 12 to 1 o'clock) to strangers. They are at liberty to call upon him in his home and see his studio and pictures. Of course we embraced the opportunity and came away feeling that this was the crowning experience of our Dresden visit. We found him a venerable, mild, kindly old man not distinctly German in appearance. One of our company tried to make us see in his face of Christ a resemblance to his own profile. I did not see it. He is a feeble old man past seventy, and I am told is a sick man, not likely to live long. He is a devout Lutheran, goes to church every Sunday morning—church is early here, never later than 10 o'clock—and receives the public between church and dinner. He says he lives with his pictures and his memories, his wife and children being dead. He walks in his garden and paints a little when the spirit moves. One great treat in this visit was the opportunity to see "Christ and the Rich Young Man." It is almost the only thing in his simple studio. A few studies for frescoes and one unfinished picture were all of any interest except it. To say that the photographic reproductions are *very good* but not equal to the original, may sound silly, but I usually prefer a colorless reproduction to the colored original. I make an exception of this picture. The colors do add beauty and the painter's skill is so evident that I think it far beyond any other of his works that I have seen. It can have no possible rival but the "Temple" picture. I mentioned that when in Dresden some years ago I regretted so much not being able to find this picture and was told that it was away on exhibition. To which he replied: "This picture has never been out of my studio. I will not exhibit my pictures where they might be hung next to a ballet girl. I think sacred pictures should be hung only with similar subjects." It is evident that his choice of subjects is the result of a deeply religious nature and that his work takes deep hold of him. Since finishing the "Rich Young Man" I think he has painted but one other picture. This we saw in, I judge, an unfinished condition. It is a figure of Christ standing with his arm and two fingers of his hand raised. I know this attitude is used in sacred pictures to express a blessing, but when Hoffman was asked the name of this picture, he replied, "I give it no name; it is just Christ appealing to you." Its execution seems to indicate failing power. The man — Hoffman — nowhere showed to greater advantage than in trying to set at ease some shy awkward girls who came into his studio after we did. His manner was so kindly that they were soon at ease.

A portfolio of his drawings to which he called my attention had in it the originals of all those lighter colored photos of his pictures which were in use in our series. The collection had twenty or more scenes from the life of Jesus, intended, as he said, for home instruction. They had never been put into colors and now I understand why those we used had such a different tint from ordinary photographs. Of course I could not refrain from telling him of our study and how we had drawn upon his pictures in illustrating the subject. He seemed to be greatly pleased at the thought and at our use of his pictures.

We thanked him on leaving for giving us the great pleasure of a visit to his studio, which he parried in a most modest way by thanking us for coming to see him. I found a photograph of him later in the store which I prize highly, but it is of a man at least ten years younger than the one I saw. His is a face of one who lives in an atmosphere created by high thoughts and exalted emotions, and shows, what is so sweet and rare, a living up to his works. I came away delighted with having seen a great artist who is greater than his pictures.

In Berlin I picked up a trifle about the personality of Cornelius (not living) who painted the "Temptation." He was an intense Catholic and hated with a royal hatred Kaulbach who is denounced for his frescoes in the National Gallery in Berlin and who was a Protestant. One of Kaulbach's subjects as you know was Luther and his Times. Luther stands far back at the center and naturally fills but a small angle of vision. Cornelius said, "If I had been painting Luther I would have made him *large.*"

* * *

The Royal Way.

BY MISS MARY KEYES.

A man, desirous of entering the service of the king of his country, gathered together rich stuffs and rare jewels. These he placed on beasts of burden and having mounted himself on a beautiful animal started for the court.

The first days carried him through pleasant valleys flanked by snow-capped mountains. Many a time he paused to behold the beauties of the landscape. In the morning, sweet it was to see the first faint streaks of light and then the growing glory as each frosty town and turret and pinnacle glowed with the advancing day. It brought back to him those old Homeric days when Aurora, Mother of Dawn, touched the world with her rosy finger-tips. Resting at noon by some limpid stream he learned the charm of midday haze and quiet. At sunset he stayed his steps in reverence for the awful grandeur of the passing of the king of day, and at night fell asleep under the tender stars.

But one day the road led him to the foot of a steep mountain path. He looked about for an easier ascent from the valley but found none. He began to be frightened lest he had lost his way, but no! There before him was the sign-board—"To the Palace of the King!" The climb was hard for the beasts of burden and one by one they dropped on the way, even the one on which he rode. The question now was how to carry his treasure. One thing was sure, he could not take all. So selecting such things as he could carry on his person he cut himself a staff and continued his journey.

All along the way he found little villages nestled away in the mountains. Here he would rest and take refreshment for which he was obliged to pay so dearly that on reaching the palace gates there remained of all his possessions only his little knapsack, his staff and a bunch of grapes he had gathered on the way. So low and narrow was the gate that before he could enter even with these he needs must part.

There lay outside the gate one who like himself had sought the court, but unlike him, failed of strength to take one step farther. Now, when he saw the knapsack and fruit and staff thrown within his reach he took them. In the knapsack he found food for his hunger and the rich clustering grapes made sweet wine for his thirst. Thus refreshed he took the staff and by its aid rose to his feet, ploded on, and passed in at the gates to the presence of the king.

It happened that these two were presented to the king at the same audience. To the first he said: "Blessed art thou for strewing thy gifts along the way!" and to the last: "Blessed art thou for using the gifts within thy reach!"

Last Christmas eve Mr. J——— went upstairs to see if the children had hung up their stockings for Santa Claus, and found that little Fred had pinned his up in a prominent place with a slip of paper attached, containing this suggestive sentence: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

READ the inducements offered on page 688 to old subscribers and for new ones. If you want to help THE NEW UNITY and be benefited thereby yourselves, be sure to read the offers made.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain: lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid!"

Responsive Reading.

V. Selected from Epictetus.

BY REV. CARLETON F. BROWN.

Why are you ignorant of your own noble descent? You are a portion separated from the Deity; you have in yourself a certain portion of Him.

You are carrying a god with you and know it not. You carry him within yourself.

If God had entrusted an orphan to you, would you neglect him?

But now he has not only made you but has also entrusted you to yourself and made you a deposit to yourself.

He has delivered yourself to your own care, and says, 'Keep him for me such as he is by nature, modest, faithful, erect, brave, free from anxiety."

But if a man is unhappy, his unhappiness is his own fault, for God has made all men to be happy and free from anxieties.

All things are full of friendship, first of the gods, and then of men who by nature are made to be of one family.

No man is bad without suffering some loss and damage.

What then, since that man has hurt himself by doing an unjust act to me, shall I hurt myself by doing some unjust act to him?

He is free who lives as he wishes to live.

Who is neither subject to compulsion, nor hindrance, nor force, but whose desires attain their purpose.

But who chooses to live in error, or unjust or discontented or mean?

Not one, then, of the bad lives as he wishes; not one is free from sorrow or fear, or does not fall into that which he would avoid.

The good man is invincible, for he does not enter into the contest where he is not stronger.

Take his land, take his slaves, take his poor body —but you will not make his desire fail in that which it seeks, nor his aversion fall into that which he would avoid.

The only contest into which he enters is about things within the power of his will. How then is he not invincible?

Nothing is given for nothing. If you wish to be consul, you must run about, kiss hands, waste yourself with exhaustion, say and do many things unworthy of a free man.

In order then to secure freedom and tranquility, to be anxious about nothing, will you spend nothing and give no labor?

Do you expect to have for nothing things so great?

Those things are enough for me over which I have power: I ought to manage them as well as I can—as for the rest as the Master of them may choose.

It is enough for me if I can stretch out my hands to God and say, "That thou hast given me life I thank thee; so long as I have made use of the things which are thine I am content; take them back and place them wherever thou choosest."

Remember that thou art an actor in a play, of such a kind as the author may choose.

If he wishes you to act the part of a poor man, see that you act the part naturally, if the part of a lame man, of a magistrate, of a private citizen, do the same.

For this is your duty, to act well the part that is given to you; but to select the part belongs to another.

Wherefore the wise and good man, remembering who he is and whence he came and by whom he is produced, is attentive only to fill his place obediently to God.

A GREAT book that comes from a great thinker,—it is a ship of thought deep freighted with truth and with beauty.

[THE first prize in the Hull House competition for "people's songs" has been awarded to Miss Mary A. Lathbury, and the second to Mr. M. S. Paden.

The Divinity of Fatherhood.

A Christmas preparation sermon, preached at All Souls Church, Chicago, December 15, 1895.

BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

And they found both Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger. (Luke II. 16.)

The Christmas season comes on apace, the merry radiance begins to stream consciously throughout Christendom. The peasant virgin elevated by miracle, tradition, art and reverent love is about to ascend her throne and re-assert her sway as queen of heaven. The child, manger born, throws its refulgence, as in Correggio's picture of the "Holy Night," back on the girl mother's face, making celestial its earthly lineaments. Let us not throw a shadow athwart this radiance, let us not dim the ideal that gives to woman through maternity imperial sway and makes her by right of love divine the mother of earth's saviors.

But let us this morning further prepare for Christmas joys by trying to be just to the poor, rustic Joseph, the Nazarene carpenter, who, for eighteen hundred years has been robbed of man's noblest wealth and most cherished possession, robbed of his one child, deprived of that association and recognition, that appreciation and inspiration that ought to go with the name and the fame of one who, according to the growing thought of the earth's noblest, gave being, protection, provision and nurture to the dearest helper of mankind. And he must have done this in such a tender, high and holy fashion that when this great helper sought for some poor human symbol of the infinite care, some fit measure of the eternal power and wisdom, he found none more fitting than that furnished him in the carpenter shop and the carpenter cot, and so he measured the immeasurable by his favorite symbol of fatherhood. The father of earth suggested the highest, tenderest symbol and name of the great God of the universe, the eternal providence, "the Father in Heaven."

Oh, it is pitiable to think of this great tragedy eighteen centuries long, which has separated the carpenter Joseph from his son Jesus. But this counts but little,—these errors of human speech and the crudities of human thought. Not what men say but what God ordains, not the fables of human traditions but the realities of the universe rooted in integrity and poised in equity fix the rewards and the relations of men. It is we and not Joseph that suffer from this parricidal, this father-killing act of deluded Christendom. We have lost more than he in this practical expulsion of fatherhood from the holy family. We cannot afford to further debilitate our Christmas thought by this exclusively feminine adoration. We must put back into our Christian ideal the thought of the divine paternity as well as our thought of the divine maternity. Christian art, in putting the man child glorious, the divine babe, the anointed of God into the arms of woman, enshrining both with the halo of the divine did well. The Catholic Church, in elevating this mother into a celestial advocate, an interceding mother at the throne of the Most High, giving to her a listening ear and a pitying heart to whom the penitent can carry the burdens of conscience which it dare not breathe to either the great "God the Father" or the loving "God the Son," did well, but we should do better, ascribing not the less divinity to Mary, the mother heart, but recognizing a divinity as well in the obscure and neglected soul of Joseph, the father. It is natural that Mary worship should precede Joseph reverence. Theology in this respect has but unconsciously followed the subtle law of evolution. Motherhood is an earlier fact than fatherhood in the universe. If the order of evolution is from the simple to the more complex, from the lower to the higher, then the thought of fatherhood in religion naturally comes later, as the thought of fatherhood in nature comes later. It is therefore higher spiritual thought. Parthenogenesis, or virgin birth, represent the lowest and not the highest forms of generation. All the lower forms of life are reproduced from one parent. And when on the ascending scale life divided itself into male and female there was maternity long before motherhood appeared. Life was generated long before there came with the generation the care and the nurture which a mother gives to a child. After that it took cycles more of evolution, life had to climb much higher on the spiral of development before paternity took on fatherhood, and the great and holy function of sex was touched with grace and enshrined in responsibility. Drummond, in his "Ascent of Man" says, "The evolution of the mother even on its physical side was the most stupendous task evolution ever undertook." I wish I might persuade you in this sermon that the evolution of the father on the psychical side was a task none the less stupendous. Maternity is a function which woman holds in common with all females of the higher orders of life. Motherhood is a function which she holds in common with most of the higher orders of mammalia. But fatherhood, conscious, loving, protecting and providing fatherhood, comes only in the later cycles of civilization. In religion and morals his era has scarcely begun.

Let us look more closely at this statement that in the lower orders maternity has in it no motherhood. The female crab and beetle take great pains in depositing their eggs where their young may find the conditions of life, but they die before the children are born. The butterfly would not know her offspring. The four steps toward motherhood recounted by Drummond are instructive. Nature accomplished this high development first, by causing fewer young to be produced at a birth. The frog that spawns a thousand eggs could not possibly have a care for her own offspring. Secondly, the mother must produce her young in such a way that they will be recognized by her. The butterfly can but say to the crawling caterpillar, "what have I to do with thee?" Had she the maternal instinct she would be like the hen who has hatched the duck, incapable of following it or ministering to its training. In the third place, nature in order to develop motherhood must make infancy dependent,—the little ones must be born helpless else they escape from the mother before the mother can impress herself upon them or enlarge the boundaries of either her own or their life. Here again the biologist finds abundant illustration. Lastly, the child must be made to dwell with the parent, dependent upon her. Full motherhood comes when the mother must continue to be the providence of the child-life after birth or the child dies. Now a man child is possible. Humanity is started, but there are still dreary stretches through uncounted generations, thousands of years of chill, mother solitudes. Polyandry is older than polygamy. The line of descent among the most primitive races is traced through the female and not the male. The child has a mother before it has a father. The books on anthropology tell us of a matriarchate before a patriarchate, a maternal family before there is a paternal family, but it is a poor, low-down, pitiable family. As we ascend the scale, paternity

becomes a psychical as well as a physical function. In the higher order of birds we see the male sharing the responsibilities of the home-making, home-guarding and home-providing. He brings the material while she builds the nest. If he does not divide the hours of incubation with her he brings her food, fights off the enemy and cheers her solitude with his song. Once the callow birdlings appear he shares with her the burden of providing. And possibly in some of the higher families of birds, this monogamic union has a tendency to become perennial and the husband,—the house-band,—clings, season after season, to the same faithful wife, the weaver. Drummond tells us of a picture painted by Coppenfells, of a female gorilla and her young resting comfortably in their loft of sticks built in the branches of a tree, while the father gorilla sits at the foot of the tree with his back against the trunk, fighting away the leopards who would fain feast upon the wife and child above. Let this gorilla indicate the evolution of the father, the slow rises on the spiral which makes fatherhood as well as motherhood divine. First he is a protector. His strong right arm is needed by the child, his superior muscle is a providence to it. Let us have done with the old sneer at brawn. That child is poorly born who is not born into the protection of a father's arm as well as a mother's breast. Next, the father is a provider. This office again needs to be baptized, consecrated by religion because it is a divine office. Mary, whatever she was able to do for the infant Jesus, could not have done it without the contribution that came through the industry of the shop. Whatsoever of leisure, composure, devoutness pervaded that Nazarene carpenter's home, much of it was dependent upon the skill that was exercised at the work bench. Art and poetry, sentiment and sense alike have magnified the beauty and the bounty represented by a woman's breast. Let us rise above our blindness and our grossness and recognize the same law prolonging that providence, extending that bounty along the psychical lines that make the father tireless, vigilant, skilful, that mother and child may be fed.

And still the father is more than protector and provider. He becomes the guide and inspirer of youth. John Fiske's great contribution to sociological science consists in his clear emphasis on the importance of the prolongation of infancy in order to secure the highest development of men and women. By thus prolonging the period of brain plasticity, increasing the number of receptive years, are we able to increase the number of habits and aptitudes in the child's brain. The little rills of action are thus enabled to dig for themselves clearer and deeper channels so that desirable actions become more and more easy, habitual and orderly.

All this hints at the Joseph contribution to the life and triumph of the benignant teacher of Nazareth which the centuries have been slow to recognize. In the gospel genealogies there is a clear indication that these annalists assumed that Jesus was the son of Joseph else they would not have counted so much on the David inheritance which they traced through the Joseph line, but even in the gospel narratives the good father is early ignored or forgotten, and not until four or five hundred years had elapsed did the church recognize a Joseph day in its ritual, and not until some time in the neighborhood of the sixteenth century I believe, was his place made secure in the calendar of saints.

In all this the scientist discover as case of reversion, the Mariolotry that crowds out the father is a case of atavism; it is a part of that conservatism in religion which ever shows its tendency to make sacred the old and to perpetuate as holy more primitive thoughts and primeval customs. This is why priests love to robe themselves in what was the everyday garb of far-away centuries; why the archaic "thee" and "thou" are considered more pious than the pronouns of present speech, and a reason for the fact that old cathedral fires were kindled by the more primitive friction block instead of by the steel and flint or the still less sacred friction match.

I plead for the divinity of the father as well as the divinity of the mother. I protest against the debilitating sentimentalism that would fain increase the sanctity of motherhood by the degradation of fatherhood. This is not the place to discuss the subtle profundities of parentage. One thing is sure that the father's contribution to the child's being is none the less direct, effective and permanent than is that of the mother, and if the mother is tied by the subtle cords of physical necessity more closely to the infant, the more permanent well-being of the child, his ultimate place in the world, his own final contribution to being is, or ought to be, as dependent upon the father as upon the mother. It is a superstition based upon a one-sided anthropology that has persistently kept the child Jesus in the mother's arms. That was a bold stroke of the old master, Guido Reni that placed the radiant Christ-child in his robeless splendor in the tender arms of his father and painted the knotty, gray-bearded face of the carpenter, Joseph, bending tenderly over the babe in rapt adoration. Such ventures will not always be so rare. The holy family is to come again into modern art, and when it does come it will not always be a virgin mother and an infant Jesus and St. John, but it will be the domestic circle entire, the fireside group as completed by the divine hand in the unfoldments of evolution. It will contain father and mother, brothers and sisters, all necessary in the actual providence, all elements in the sanctities of the home. Such a holy family you remember Verestchagen gave us in a picture exhibited here some years ago, showing the humble court of an Oriental hamlet with the father at his bench, the mother at her needle, the little brothers and sisters at their play, the toddling babe the object of common care, and the thought-ladened lad at his book, with all the homely settings of the peasant's life. Such a holy family did Simmons, a New York artist, give us in that never-forgotten picture of the carpenter shop in the United States exhibit at the World's Fair. There amid abundant shavings, the wholesome bare-footed lad sits in the sunbeams, the loving father and mother communing in the shadow over the sayings which both father and mother kept and "pondered in their hearts." A holy family presents itself everywhere and anywhere wherever a child is born into the spiritual parentage which is his due and his need. A double parentage, father and mother. They parted company way down there in the lowest realms of organic life among the protozoa which multiplied by division. But they are to come together again way up here on the divinest levels known to man, where, husband and wife, they twain become one flesh, one purpose, one providence. Let us have done with the profane polytheism of the older time where immortal gods conspired with mortal women to bring forth purity and excellence. Let us rise above the impure insinuation that man is not so much as woman the divine channel through which the creative stream flows on its way to higher and still higher forms of being. I object to your "immaculate conception" theories, your virgin births and extra-human personalities, not because they are too spiritual to be true, too heavenly to be realized, but because they are too material in their insinuations, too gross in their theories, too unspiritual in their implication, too unreal to be potent. Let others approach the Christmas time, thinking of the Christ-child as they may, let our carols echo to the great noel that first rang in father Joseph's heart as well as in mother Mary's breast.

I plead for the recognition of the divinity of fatherhood as well as the divinity of motherhood, not only because I would give tardy recognition to one who seems to me to have been a sadly neglected historic personage, but because every child as well as the Christ-child needs a father as well as a mother. I distrust the easy distinctions based on sex, and yet in the order of development distinctions there are, and we must recognize them. If the mother is a type of love and through her tenderness has come into human life and love has been discovered as an inherent part of the universe, as the quest of life, the end of creation, then through the father has come into human life the thought of law, through him came the benignity of government, through him has the soul been tutored to respect authority, through him have we been made to see that the universe is not only cradled in love but that it is centered in justice. Righteousness is the father word of evolution. Righteousness is the father thought of God as love is the mother thought of God. Righteousness is the father contribution to the home, and if the hand of the father is at times more heavy, aye, if it needs must be, come at times with deliberate heaviness upon the child, it is God's way of making a man out of that child. Who of us will not bless the correcting hand of the father as much as the soothing kiss of the mother? There should be, and there are, kisses from both father and mother to the well-bred child and there will be discipline, sometimes prompt, and, so far as the child can understand, unreasoning discipline in the hand of both, but for distinction let us recognize the father's contribution in the past and the present to the child life as a contribution of righteousness, of law, of stern equity. Shall we not bless this father providence as much as the mother providence? If in woman's eyes we first discover the eternal love, then let us in man's enkindled indignation, transfigured righteousness, first discover the eternal justice of the universe. Beneficent was the dispensation of the patriarchs; helpful in its day was the paternal assumption of kings and popes. By the mysterious inspirations of language, by the subtle selections of evolution, does the Indian speak of the president of the United States as "the great Father at Washington," and do we not all love the phrase "Father Abraham" when we speak of the dearest and noblest of presidents. The modern child is threatened not with too much mother but with too little father, and this danger is heightened by the sudden release of womanhood from the ban of conventionality and of the domineering power of physical force. Let her not too readily accept as complimentary to herself the church's adoration of Mary. Woman is made of no purer stuff than man, her companion, man, her father. She cannot transmit from her own veins or her companion's veins any purer life stuff, any diviner spirit impulse to her daughter than she does to her son. Crimes differ as virtues differ in form, but I suspect the population of heaven no more than the population of hell will be largely affected by the sex line, however the attendance at the modern church may seem to predict such a differentiation. We need more fathers in

the home. With Father Spaulding of the Catholic Church, I say "we need more men teachers in our public schools," we need more men in our churches, and if our homes, schools and churches are not organized so as to evoke and direct this masculine investment, then let them be reorganized. It is not true that mothers are peculiarly the divinely appointed teachers of children, that to them is especially entrusted the intellectual or spiritual destinies of the young. As I said before, that argument is based upon the analogies of the past, it is a reversion to primitive conditions, an illustration of the law of atavism, like the return to six fingers and toes in some people or the restoration in others of the muscle that can move the ear. The highest reaches of evolution point to the double responsibility and the double potency. In the interest of the child then, let us lift him out of a mother rule into a father-mother rule. Let the home be girdled with masculine order as well as with feminine love. Let there be strength as well as tenderness. Let there be in it mind as well as heart, vigor as well as sympathy. All these are spiritual children which cannot be born except in the bi-sexual realm,—they must have a father and a mother. If you remind me that woman's hand can be strong, that she has disciplined children, controlled states and directed armies, I gladly concede the point and urge in response that men have carried children in their bosoms, that David lamented for Absalom with sobs that have touched the heart of the ages; that the great-hearted Mohammed was sorrow smitten when little Ibrahim, the child of his old age, lay dying in its mother's arms, and when his followers would rebuke him, saying "Have you not forbidden us to weep for thee, O master, when thou wilt depart?" he replied, "I have forbidden you to shriek and beat yourselves and rend your garments above your dead as pagans do, but tears shed for a calamity are as balm to the heart and are sent in mercy." And he exclaimed, "Ibrahim, O Ibrahim, my son Ibrahim, if it were not that the promise is faithful and the hope of resurrection sure, if it were not that this is the way to be trodden by all and the last of us shall join the first, I would grieve for you with a deeper grief even than this." And as he spoke the child's struggles ceased and little Ibrahim was dead. Then the great prophet of monotheism, the law-giver of Islam, laid his hands tenderly upon the sorrowing mother and said, "Rest assured the remainder of our Ibrahim's childhood and upbringing shall be in Paradise." And at the tomb he said, "My son, my son Ibrahim, when you enter Paradise say to the recording angel, 'God is my Lord. The prophet of God is my father and Islamism is my faith.'" Such tuition on earth is a benignant introduction to the highest paradise of heaven.

I once met a strange, shambling, uncultivated and unkempt hunter philosopher in the solitudes of East Tennessee. On the heights of Big Smoky by the weird light of a midnight fire, he mixed fragments of home-made philosophy with Socratic quotations and Emersonian epigrams which he read from a commonplace book he carried in his coon-skin cap. Speaking pathetically of his own meager rearing, he said, "I never had much chance, I was raised by a woman." You laugh as I laughed, but that receding voice goes with me through the years with an increasing pathos. Oh, how many children of luxury, of much training, many schools and wide travel, will some day come to the sad realization that they also "never had much chance," that they were raised by woman only. They had a male parent who assumed the responsibility of giving them being, but they never had a father who assumed the spiritual responsibility involved in the act. Their paternity stopped before it reached fatherhood, and I say there is no alternative, no adequate compensation, nothing to take the place of the God-given hand of a father. God, through Joseph, reveals himself in the spiritual realms of life as he does through Mary, and it is possible to break the connection, to turn aside the divine stream on the one hand as upon the other.

I have pled for the divinity of fatherhood for the sake of the child. Let me close by pleading for this doctrine in the interest of the father. He needs the mellowing touch of baby fingers. He needs the ameliorating smile of childhood. He needs the rejuvenation which children give. Had I time I could again appeal to the unquestioned analogies of the past. I have said that evolution has sought the development of the man child by increasing his infancy, thus increasing the tuition the soul can receive after birth, magnifying the bequest of environment, but the child educates the parent in the process. His love generates love, his worldlessness washes the worldliness out of parent hearts, his simplicity shames the father's duplicity, his thirst for companionship peoples the father's heart with a comradeship that will not desert him. George MacDonald in "Robert Falconer" has given us a character that wandered through the world in search of a father. He was a boy who was willing to relinquish the joys of heaven and enter, unbidden, the torments of hell, if thereby he might find his father. There is something of this redeeming love, consciously or unconsciously, in every babe born into the world. "Thus," as some one has said, "does God in each child born into this world, reconcile a wayward world to Himself." I tell you men are as susceptible to this ministry of children as women are. St. Christopher, who bore the Christ-child on his shoulder, was a man. St. Nicholas, he who saved the beautiful old Roman Saturnalia to Christianity, brought the glad feast of gifts down out of pagandom into christendom, was a man. Luther, who so ministered in song and fable and poem to the spiritual life of little children, was a man. Pestalozzi, Froebel and Horace Mann, the great child interpreters, the inspired and inspiring teachers of mothers, were men.

He who gave to mothers the great crooning song of the English language was a man.

"Hush my dear, lie still and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessing without number
Gently falling on thy head."

He who wrote the "Changeling" and "She Came and Went" was a man, our own Lowell.

"An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays;—
I only know she came and went."

And the great "Threnody," through whose lines pulses the mighty heart agonies of a thinker, was written by a man; one who believed that fatherhood as well as motherhood was from the divine and in touch with divinity, Ralph Waldo Emerson.

"The gracious boy, who did adorn
The world whereinto he was born,
And by his countenance repay
The favor of the loving Day."

"O child of Paradise,
Boy who made dear his father's home,
In whose deep eyes
Men read the welfare of the times to come,
I am too much bereft."

And was not Eugene Field, the great singer of cradle songs, a man? Thus in asserting the divinity of fatherhood I summon man to his highest and what in him has too long and too often been characterized as base or debasing and which in woman has been regarded as elevating and heavenly, is a benign power for both. Gœthe terminates the apprenticeship of the hero of "Wilhelm Meister" when that rather wayward and erratic genius feels the responsibility of parentage resting upon him. He opened his arms and exclaimed, "Welcome the gift of heaven!" Let every man look upon the child of his loins as a gift of God, a divine child, a Christ-child come into this world through the celestial gateways of birth, God permitting him to become under him and with him creator of an immortal being. The helpless bit of humanity now crooning and now wailing in mother's arms, is a child of the Infinite, a part of the Godhead, the "Son of God" indeed. From present fact, personal experience, the testimony of science, we send back our thought across nineteen centuries to the Bethlehem stable and say in truth and in deed, "a prince is born." He whom the ages foretold was born, and is born over and over again into every home from that time to this. Well may every father as well as every mother take up the Christmas carol and chant it by virtue of his fatherhood.

"Peace on earth, good will to men."

The Home

"Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way."

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—They shall call his name Emanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.

Mon.—He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

Tues.—Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us.

Wed.—Send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me.

Thurs.—Blessed is he that considereth the poor.

Fri.—Because thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

Sat.—Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

Christmas Bells.

Dear are the sounds of the Christmas chimes
In the land of the ivied towers,
And they welcome the dearest of festival times
In this Western world of ours.
Bright on the holly and mistletoe bough
The English firelight falls,
And bright are the wreathed evergreens now
That gladden our own home walls.
And hark! the first sweet note that tells
The welcome of the Christmas bells.

They are ringing tonight through the Norway firs,
And across the Swedish fells,
And the Cuban palm-tree dreamily stirs
To the sound of those Christmas bells!
They ring where the Indian Ganges rolls
Its flood through the rice-fields wide;
They swell the far hymns of the Laps and Poles
To the praise of the Crucified.
Sweeter than tones of the ocean's shells
Mingle the chimes of the Christmas bells.

The years come not back that have circled away
With the past of the Eastern land,
When He plucked the corn on the Sabbath day,
And healed the withered hand;
But the bells shall join in a joyous chime
For the One who walked the sea,
And ring again for the better time
Of the Christ that is to be;
Then ring! for the earth's best promise dwells
In ye, O joyous prophet bells!

—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Christmas Thoughts.

MRS. JESSIE WHITSITT.

Fill the home with music, flowers, Christmas green and an abundance of cheerfulness and good will. Do not say you cannot afford to make the children happy at Christmas time; for it requires more time and patience than money. In buying the children's presents, gratify the wish of each child's heart if possible. Buy them something they will appreciate; it is so easy now to surround children with happiness: the lovely dolls, so precious to every little motherly heart; the box of tools, so interesting to the boys and the books by the best writers, full of pictures and stories, that are a delight to all children.

Not only your own children, remember, but make a happy Christmas for some unfortunate child, whose home is bare and where want is a daily visitor. Often a book, a picture, a growing plant, sent into some dreary home will carry with it happiness that will last many days. Gifts like this you can never regret, and as you consider the least among these, you will be remembered. Let the Christmas bells ring for the child of the unfortunate as it does for your child; and if you wish to insure for yourself a merry Christmas, give simple gifts out of the fulness of your heart, to the humble, the poor and the helpless. May we all be able to carry the light into many homes, and fill the world about us, with peace and good will, and each recurring year, may every warm and loving heart help to strengthen the meaning of *A Merry Christmas.*

Missy.

A Christmas Story.

K. P. M.

It wasn't her real name—of course. Away back yonder, long before she came to live in O'Hooligan's flats, she had been christened Melissa, but as baby after baby made its way into the family, Melissa proved too much for the wee tongues, so Melissa degenerated into "Missy" by each little voice in turn.

She was a queer little body, with great hollow eyes that told their own story of poverty and care far beyond her years. She had been a little mother to each of the aforementioned babies, and of late the entire responsibility had rested upon her, for one morning, the woman that had been to them "mother" in name only, shook the dust of O'Hooligan's flats from her feet and was heard of no more.

Missy never forgot that long, lonely miserable day,—nor how Dad "went on" when he came home from work that evening and found the three frightened, desolate little children huddled up fast asleep, with their little tear-stained faces close together, and their little black fists clasping each other.

It was the excitement of the flats for a week and the children were objects of much interest and rough compassion. Mrs. Nolan of the adjoining rooms voiced the sentiments of "O'Hooligan's" when she walked in, the morning succeeding the flight, and eyeing the three trembling infants, declared it was "beyant" her what was "to become o' them poor desarted children unless it was the Refuge."

Missy, like the brave little soul she was, did all she could to help matters. But it was weary work carrying baby night after night—to try and help him forget that he was cold and hungry. Many and many a night the moonbeams peeped in at the three wee mites cuddled so close and listening to Missy's wonderful stories of people who always had enough to eat. Many and many a night those moonbeams straggling into the dreary old room, lit up three wan, pinched little faces, that even in sleep wore a sad little smile as in dreamland they found "Missy's goodies."

Christmas tide was drawing near and the gentle spirit of the season penetrated even into "O'Hooligan's." But the day before Christmas was a dreadful day. "Dad" had not been home since the morning before and but for Mrs. Nolan they would have fared ill indeed. So Christmas eve Missy decided that there was but one thing left—begging. Asking Mrs. Nolan to "look in on the young uns for a bit," she ran with swift feet into the street below.

There was no use begging around "O'Hooligan's," for no rich folks ever came there. The shops where the bright lights and pretty things were and where people with lots of money went,—those were the places, and thither she directed her flying feet. But each time the little voice faltered. It was all so big and grand and she was so very small. So she wandered on and on trying to gain courage, and by and by the shops became fewer, the houses larger and the streets more deserted, and Missy grew frightened and wished she was back at O'Hooligan's. But going back was another matter. It was so dark and everywhere things looked strange and she couldn't find a single place she knew, and O, she was so hungry and faint! At last the poor, tired little feet refused to go a step further and sitting down on a door-step the brave little soul relieved itself of its burden, in great, deep sobs that shook the tiny form from head to foot. She felt better for the cry and drying her eyes prepared to start on once more.

Now the stone steps belonged to a broad veranda of an old-fashioned mansion. Missy's own grief made her deaf to every other sound, so she failed to see the crouching figure far down at the other end of the veranda. You see, the family in the mansion had been very busy all the evening dressing the Christmas tree and arranging the gifts for the morrow. In the general excitement they had neglected to draw the curtains and the glare had attracted the miserable man who now lay hidden in the shadows. By some oversight one of the long, French windows was left unclosed and it only remained for the watcher to softly raise the window and everything was his.

Sinning is like sliding down hill—so hard to stop when you once begin. Jack Ratchford was a bad, and in some respects, a wicked man. But he was not a thief—that is, not yet—but he was reckless and envious and had persuaded himself that he was a much ill-used man. He had seen all the merry preparations and the sight filled his soul with hatred of wealthy, happy people. What right had these people to spend money so lavishly while he and his might starve for all they cared? Once he heard Missy sob—but she was so little, that seeing nothing—he concluded his ears had deceived him. He had just raised the window without a sound and had fairly slipped into the room and lit a match, when Missy raised herself from the step.

Glancing up at the window she saw the light flash for a moment and then go out. The flash showed to her the Christmas tree, and in an instant she was up at the window, with her wee face against the pane. A moment more and the glare of the street lamp showed her the figure of a short man who stood with his back toward her—over by the fire place near the gifts. At once her quick little wits solved it all satisfactorily. It could be only one person—Santa Claus.

Of late, Missy's faith in the good Saint had been somewhat shaken, but now her faith had received new life and it was only the work of a moment to discover the raised window and crawl underneath it and get to Santa.

The noise made the man start and turn, and the sight that met his gaze riveted him where he stood. His face was in the shadow—but Missy's was in the full glare of the lamp—and he knew her in an instant.

"O Santa," she whispered, "I won't bother you a bit, but I'm so glad to see you. I'm Missy Ratchford and I live at O'Hooligan's Flats. And O Santa,"—coming a step nearer—"Don't forget us this year. You clean fergot us last Chris'mas. An' we've hed such awful times. My mother run off and left us, and Dad don't care fur us any more—en we're so lonesome of an evening and Santa—do you have anything good to eat? We git so hungry, en I git so tired packing Benny 'cause he gits so hungry, en begs so hard fur some eatin, en I haven't enything fur him. I tried to beg some tonight, but somehow I couldn't. En Mrs. Nolan says we must go to the Refuge unless Dad does better. En he uster be so kind, en we love him yit. En O Santa—I'm clean lost, en when you git through here, won't you take me back to O'Hooligan's? en do bring us something to eat—I don't mean me—but bring the younguns something."

She had come close up to "Santa" by this time, and that worthy—softly dropping everything in hand, stooped gently and gathering up the wee form, whispered,—"Don't look at me, lay your head on my shoulder, I'll take you home."

Sure enough she soon found herself back at the "flats" and Santa dropped her at her own door. And in a few minutes who should come in but Dad, and going up to Missy he said:

"Santa told me all about it, dear. And you needn't fear hunger again—for that's all past; and as for the Refuge! Well, please God I'll be your refuge for many a long day yet."

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The Liberal Field.

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

The Western Unitarian Conference.

A regular meeting of the directors of the Western Unitarian Conference was held at 175 Dearborn street, December 16th, 1895, at 2 P. M. There were present Messrs. Shorey, Jones, Blake, Effinger, Judy, Fenn, Secrist and Gould, and Miss Hultin. The report of the last meeting was read and approved. A letter from Rev. F. C. Southworth, accepting his election as director, was read and ordered to be filed. Also another letter from the same director was read regarding the present meeting and was ordered filed. The secretary reported that the Iowa State Association had adopted the plan of affiliation with the Western Unitarian Conference and had nominated its Secretary Rev. L. A. Harvey as its representative on our board. It was therefore voted to accept the nomination of the Iowa State Association and elect the Rev. L. A. Harvey as a member of our board to fill out the unexpired term of Mrs. McMahon. On the report of the secretary that the Michigan Conference had adopted the plan of affiliation and nominated its secretary Rev. T. P. Byrnes to act as its representa- on our board, it was voted to accept this nomination and elect Rev. T. P. Byrnes as a member of our board to fill out the unexpired term of Rev. Mr Milsted. Inasmuch as the Illinois Conference had approved the general purpose and spirit of the affiliation and chosen its secretary Rev. C. F. Elliott as its representative on our board, it was voted to accept the nomination of the Illinois Conference and elect Rev. C. F. Elliott as a director of our board to fill out the unexpired term of Mrs. Learned. Mr. Fenn then offered the following resolution which, after being amended, was adopted.

Resolved, That the Missionary Council, so far as constituted, be instructed to call a conference with one representative each from the Wisconsin and Missouri Valley Conferences, the Western Unitarian Conference and the American Unitarian Association, in order that the plan of affiliation may be better understood or that another may be devised which shall secure practical unanimity.

Resolved, Second, that Mr. Fenn be the representative of the Western Unitarian Conference on this Committee of Conferences.

The secretary then read the letter of the treasurer concerning the financial standing of the Conference and also Mrs. Woolley's letter on the finances. In view of these two communications and a report of the secretary on the same subject it was voted that the president, the secretary, the treasurer and Messrs. Effinger and Fenn act as a special finance committee to appeal to subscribers to the deficit and to the churches of the Conference. It was voted that a program committee of five be appointed to arrange the program for the next annual meeting. It was voted that the selection of this committee, as well as the selection of the city and the church in which to hold our next annual meeting, be postponed to the next meeting of the board. It was voted that Wednesday be the day on which the meetings be called in the future. The secretary reported a letter from Mrs. L. B. Fisher of Alton, Ill., regarding the sale of her husband's work "Comfortings" at our headquarters, and it was voted that the letter be reported to the Sunday School Society.

Adjourned. A. W. GOULD, Secretary.

Iowa City, Ia.

Rev. C. E. Perkins announces a series of Sunday evening lectures on "World Helpers of Modern Times," taking the following individuals: Jean Frederic Oberlin, Benjamin Franklin, John Wesley, John Howard, Tyndall and Huxley, William Ellery Channing, Samuel G. Howe, Frederick W. Robertson and Horace Bushnell, Edward Everett Hale. The Iowa City *Republican* also reports a very successful Mother Goose Carnival which was held recently by the Unitarian Society and which was graced by some happy lines written by Mr. Perkins and discriptive of the different characters.

Sterling, Ill.

A terrible accident happened last week to Rev. Seward Baker, the minister of the Peoples Church in this city. He was run over by the cars and lost both his feet. We understand that he is bearing up bravely under the shock and we are sure that all the readers of THE NEW UNITY, who have come to know the faithful and fruitful work Mr. Baker was doing, will extend to him and to his wife their warmest sympathy.

Winona, Minn.

The ordination and installation of Rev. Joseph Cady Allen at this city was postponed to December 16. Rev. F. C. Davis, the former pastor of the church gave the charge and the right hand of fellowship and Rev. T. C. Forbush gave the sermon and ordaining prayer. The Installation address was by Mr. W. C. Brown, member of the board of trustees of the church.

Freeport, Ill.

There was a fine audience at the Liberal Church last Sunday evening. The music was excellent as usual, and Rev. A. N. Alcott spoke on "Building a Soul." The Sunday School has increased in number to forty-two pupils and is very promising. On Thursday evening there will be a Christmas Social at the hall, for Sunday School scholars and all others. Refreshments will be served. The Sunday school is very fortunate in being in the charge of Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Hoffman and Mrs. Bates.

The Sunday School.

The World Is Saved by the Breath of the School Children.

Contributions From Sunday Schools.

The first school to send in its contribution has generally been the school at Rochester, N. Y., but this year that school stands second on the list. The Sunday School of the Ethical Culture Society of Chicago, which sent us five dollars November 29th and the Rochester school's gift of fifteen dollars came two weeks later, December 13th. Both of these gifts we doubly welcome in reaching us so early in the year. We hope the other schools will follow these good examples.

As Others See Us.

The readers of our Sunday School Department may be interested in reading what others say of our publications and so we clip the two following notices from recent papers, one in Boston and the other in Chicago.

The Western Sunday School Society is publishing for the winter's course a series of lessons by Rev. W. C. Gannett on "The Flowering of Christianity." This is the completion of the Six Years' Course. Mr. Gannett's work is always most suggestive and helpful. His essay at Washington was one of the conspicuous features, and the heart of it was the masterly way in which he interpreted and harmonized different elements. This quality of an interpreter and a reconciler is carried out into his lessons. Rev. A. W. Gould, secretary of the Western Sunday School Society, is also furnishing a course called "Nature Studies," consisting of a four-page leaflet, illustrated and quite attractive. Their chief use for most of our Sunday-schools would be as a supplementary aid to some more strictly religious line of subjects, illustrating and enforcing the ideas. These lessons are written in Mr. Gould's well known clear and sympathetic style.—From the *Christian Register*, Boston.

The Unitarian Publishing Company issue a set of leaflets which are without precedent in Sunday-school literature. Recognizing the truth that love is the foundation of religion, these leaflets are prepared with the purpose of presenting to the child-mind the Master touch in all nature, and are called Nature Studies. They are systematically arranged, and beginning with the human baby trace the care which the great mother-love expends in cradling and tending every baby, even to the tiniest of nature's children. The illustrations used are of a very high order, most of them copies of famous paintings, and the pictures form an important part of the lesson leaves. Could these leaves be introduced into every Sunday-school in the land, which is endeavoring to teach little children of the divine love and wisdom, with the aid of a careful teacher they would transform the Sunday class into a genuine school of religion.—From the *Kindergarten Magazine*, Chicago.

Notice.

If the subscribers to the NEW UNITY, who are sending the paper to me, will give their address in full on the first page of the next paper they send, it will be a help to my post-office work. I could use a score more copies of this paper to good advantage. It is most excellent and helpful. If you are tempted

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The Davenport Unity Club.

We understand that this society is making a new start and planning to reach the young people more widely than in the past, and become to some extent a Young People's Religious Society. It has issued the following as its Autumn Program, which may be helpful to other societies trying to do similar work.

Subject: American History.

Oct. 8.—1. The Indian of History and the Indian of Poetry and Fiction. 2. Vocal Solo. 3. Social and Domestic Life in the Colonies. 4. Violin Solo. 5. Current Events.

Oct. 22.—1. LaSalle, the Would-be King of the Mississippi Valley. 2. Vocal Solo. 3. Why We are an English and Not a French People. 4. Piano Solo. 5. A Townsman Abroad.

Nov. 5.—1. Differing Motives in the Settlement of the Colonies and Their After Effects. 2. Vocal Solo. 3. Antiquity of Man in America. 4. Piano Solo. 5. Book Review.

Nov. 19.—1. Religious Controversies and Excesses: Witches, Quakers. 2. Vocal Solo. 3. Quaint and Curious Books of the Colonial Days. 4. Piano Solo. 5. Club Chronicle.

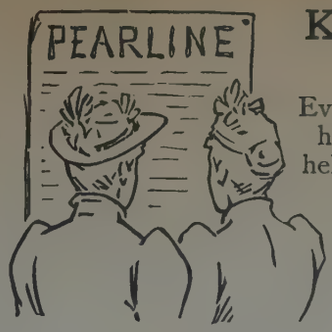
Dec. 3.—1. The Main Causes Leading to Independence. 2. Music. 3. The Difference to the World if America had Remained an English Dependency. 4. Violin Solo. 5. Current Events.

Dec. 17.—1. Critical Battles of the Revolution. 2. Music. 3. Sketches of Revolutionary Generals. 4. Music. 5. Club Chronicle.

The Young Peoples' Guild.

BY THE PRESIDENT.

A little over two years ago, when our church was trying once again to move forward, and all earnest members were looking about to see what could be done, it occurred to one who was much interested, that the pith of the vitality of the church rested in the strength of the young people, so, being of a practical turn of mind, another member was conferred with and it was at once decided to act. An invitation was extended "to all young people interested in the growth of liberal religion," to meet for consultation, and the starting point for the Guild was made. But this Guild was mentally bound together, there being no constitution, no by-laws, no officers, no committee, this was an experiment, and it can readily be seen, that without center or circumference our circle could not be described, so during the winter the partial failure was discussed, the causes sought and happily found, a simple pledge as significant of membership drawn up, officers elected, work laid out for the remainder of the year and the Young Peoples' Guild of the Unitarian Church had an actual existence, and when we closed our first year's labors, *we* were fully convinced that we represented something, and that after the summer's rest we should renew our efforts with redoubled vigor. Like other societies our second year seemed to come from development and experience of the eight months previous; having concluded the business of electing officers, president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, we arranged a study for the entire year which consisted of papers, talks and discussions on Emerson, and received most



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[From THE NEW UNITY, May 2, 1895.]

The selection we give in another column from "The House Beautiful"—one of Mr. Gannett's uplifting studies which James H. West has just published—was not made because it was the most inspiring word the pamphlet contains. Where all is so good perhaps there is no best, though to our mind the section on "The dear Togetherness" is fullest of strength, sweetness, and light. But this extract was selected simply because it was the shortest that could be made to stand by itself. By sending its publisher fifteen cents our readers can procure the little book for themselves; and if they want to be strengthened and lifted up, they will do so.

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valuable assistance in the program from the senior members of the church and others. After each evening's literary entertainment short social gatherings were held, and once a month assemblies given, matronized by ladies of the church. We were thoroughly in earnest and could see in all we undertook *some* good gained. Again in the autumn of eighteen ninety-five we assembled in the parlors of the church to enter into both the serious and social phases of the work and extend our help and influence to still further limits. Re-electing officers of the past year with the exception of the vice-president we added new departments of usefulness, consisting of a Flower Mission, Circulating Library of Magazines and Lectures, a Dramatic Club being included. For our literary work we have arranged biographical studies of Channing, Parker, Star King, Helen Hunt Jackson, Charles Sumner, Charlotte Cushman and Henry Ward Beecher. We feel that by a study of leading liberal minds—and so being in touch with them—we are learning from example the usefulness of liberalism, and in this way are laying good foundations for the best type of womanhood and manhood. With our Guild we hope to utilize the unused material and by guiding it aright, develop it into the brain and sinew of the church. In addition we desire to carry out any charitable work that may be within our reach realizing always that our first duty is to help bear the burdens of the church. Before closing we must add that we wish the minister and church to feel that in the Guild, are resources as yet but little used in the strength, elasticity and hopefulness of the young men and women.—*The Ideal Church*, published by the Guild of the Unitarian Church at Madison, Wis.

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The Study Table

"THE PHILISTINE" for December is a number that would be very attractive to many of THE NEW UNITY'S readers. It contains a bright and tender little essay on "The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's," that ends with a very beautiful prayer. It is the work of one of our occasional contributors, Elbert Hubbard, novelist and essayist, and may be relied upon to purify and uplift any mature mind that reads it,—even though the reader may have grave doubts as to the historic justification of the author's attribution of this beautiful Hebrew love song to Israel's great king. In addition to this the little magazine contains, among other things, two tributes to Chicago's dead poet of childhood, Eugene Field; and a republication of Rudyard Kipling's salt-sea chant on the theme, "There Shall be no More Sea," a poem with a wonderful swing that is quite irresistible, and a freshness withal and an individuality that are hardly to be surpassed in English verse. [Roycroft Printing Shop, East Aurora, N. Y.]

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Miscellanea.

Power of Suggestion.

Good teaching is largely a matter of selection and emphasis. It is possible for a teacher so to treat the story of David and Goliath that the pupils will be fired, not to true heroism, but to doing injury to windows, cats, dogs, and perhaps their fellows, with slings, or even with steel blades. A very strong and emphatic presentation of David's heroic spirit, by the teacher, will be needed, if that spirit is to remain in the mind and character superior to mere adroitness and triumph in contest. It is a law of the human mind that one who sees another's action is pretty sure to think of himself as so acting. We act largely on impulses originating in suggestions received from without' The publication of details of crime increases crime, because of this potency of the law of suggestion. Says Professor Ritchie, "The idea of one's self as acting in a certain way becomes a new factor in the mind; it may attract desires and feelings round it, and so become a new motive determining conduct. A man may be turned from idle and evil courses by the image of himself as a good man and useful citizen, provided, of course, this image of himself as acting rightly is not merely a piece of day-dreaming, but an ideal that stimulates effort." It is not too much to suppose that many a boy will get into trouble as a consequence of having his effort stimulated by David's sling and sword rather than by his heroic and devout spirit. Life or death lies in the teacher's emphasis. —*Sunday School Times.*

The Prizeof Rome.

The French nation has for many years owned a handsome palace in the Eternal City, as Rome is frequently called. This is known as the Villa de' Medici. It is a beautiful building, standing in the middle of a garden filled with statuary and fine old trees, commanding a view of the famous old city, and fitted up with superb furniture, tapestries and pictures, the remains of the former greatness of the once powerful Medici family, who for so many years were high in the political affairs of Italy. Here each year are sent four young Frenchmen—a painter, a sculptor, an architect and a carver of precious stones. These lads are chosen by a competition held at the School of Fine Arts in Paris every spring. The examinations are very searching, and the successful candidates are greatly envied, as well they may be, for, having won their honors, they are housed, fed and provided with a studio and an ample sum of money to pay their expenses for four years—all by the French government.

So it will be seen that it is no small honor to pass successfully through the ordeal; for not only is the opportunity for the delightful life under such splendid conditions to be desired, but the youth who gains the distinction of being the prize-winner is for evermore a marked man. His work is watched for, his future progress is noted, and his career may be said to be definitely made. The conditions under which the examinations are made are very strict. Preliminary trials take place early in the season. All who desire to enter inscribe their names at the Government School. Of course, only French lads may try. For the painters, a subject is given out —perhaps some incident from the Bible, or an episode from a mythological story—and sketches are made by the students.

Twenty or thirty of the most promising sketches are selected, and the young men thus chosen are notified. These lads then make drawings in charcoal of the subject. Another selection is made, and those chosen then make paintings. This time ten canvases are selected, and their authors go, as they say in French, *en loge*, which means that each man of the ten enters a small studio, where are an easel and materials for work, and he is allowed such models as are necessary to complete his picture. His first sketch of the subject given out is handed to him, and from this he must make a painting about three feet by four in size. He is not allowed to make any material changes in his composition, but must keep very closely to his original design. Outside his door sits an employee of the school, known as a "guardian," whose business it is to see that the student receives no help; nor may he leave the building, save under charge of this sentinel, who is watchful and keen and not to be trifled with. Three weeks are allowed in which to complete the work. Then the ten canvases are placed in frames. The works are the same size every year, and the old frames do duty over and over again.

Now is an anxious period while a jury composed of distinguished artists deliberate on the merits of the works to determine the order of their excellence. Finally, a day comes when all is arranged. The ten pictures are placed in a gallery of the school, and each is numbered; the doors are opened, and the anxious crowd of students rushes in to learn the decision.

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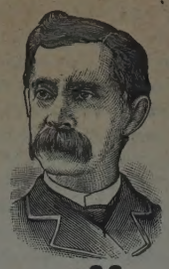

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The Jewish Idea of Temperance.

Among the most interesting of the pulpit addresses recently delivered on the temperance question was that by Rabbi Hess, of one of the Jewish synagogues in this city, says the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* in an editorial. He takes a view of the question quite different from that of his neighbors of the Christian faith. His idea is that the best safeguard against intemperance is a family training in self-restraint, not in the form of an ascetic abstinence from all alcoholic stimulants, but in their temperate and moderate use, and he appeals to the universal experience of the Jews in proof of the efficacy of this regimen. Drunkenness is almost unknown among the people of Israel. It is regarded by them as an indecency and with general abhorrence. He attributes the absence of intemperance among the Jews to the family training in self-control which is a part of the Jewish religion. Their Bible, their religion nowhere, neither Moses nor the prophets, nor the later sages, prohibited the enjoymnnt of strong drink. On the contrary, "the Mosaic law exempts the cultivator of a vineyard from military service." The abstemious Nazarite was "required to bring a sin-offering as an atonement for his crime in abjuring the benefit of God's precious gift." But intemperance and excess are censured. The drunkard and glutton are condemned by the Book of Books to be stoned to death. Upon this platform the Jew has been trained in all the ages. Hence such a spectacle as a drunken Jew is extremely rare. If he cannot be reclaimed he is renounced as an outcast.

There is a good deal of sound philosophy in the Jewish practice. It is based on the cardinal principle of all healthy moral development, the freedom of the will, the moral strength that comes from its exercise in self-control—in resistance to temptation. The *Pioneer Press* has often opposed the same doctrine to the principle of compulsory abstinence or statutory prohibition. But, however harmless the moderate indulgence of strong drinks may prove to have been with the Jewish race under the Jewish religion and training, it is doubtful whether, under the conditions of modern society, it would be a safe regimen to inculcate for general adoption. The voluntary total abstinence recommended by St. Paul lest he make his brother offend would appear to be the better rule of Christian conduct. But its entire virtue is in being entirely voluntary. Build up the manhood of boy and man. That is a safer bulwark against intemperance than all the prohibitive laws that were ever enacted.

AMONG the unique exhibits at the Atlanta Exposition is a collection which is in itself a miniature biblical museum. The Smithsonian Institute has prepared this exhibit, and Dr. Cyrus Adler, of the Institution, writes in *The Sunday School Times* of December 7, an article which gives one a clear idea of the varied and instructive features of the collection. The geography and natural history of the Bible, its plant life, its animal life, and its archeology, are all represented. For the

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The New York *Evening Telegram* puts the above query, and then proceeds to state that that of the Buddhists is in 325 volumes and weighs 1,625 pounds.

These sacred books are perfectly appalling in their bulk. They are called the Tripitaka, the Three Baskets, and were originally written in Pali, a vernacular form of Sanskrit. They have been translated into many languages, such as Chinese, Thibetan and Mandshu. They have also been written and published in various alphabets, not only in Devauagarie, but in Singhalese, Burmese and Siamese letters.

The copy in nineteen volumes lately presented to the University of Oxford by the King of Siam contains the Pali text written in Siamese letters, but the language is always the same; it is the Pali or vulgar tongue, as it was supposed to have been spoken by Buddha himself about 500 B. C. After having been preserved for centuries by oral tradition, it was reduced for the first time to writing under King Vattagamani, in 88-76 B. C., the time when the truly literary period of India may be said to begin. But besides this Pali Canon there is another in Sanskrit, and there are books in the Sanskrit Canon which are not to be found in the Pali Canon, and vice versa.

According to a tradition current among the Southern as well as the Northern Buddhists, the original Canon consisted of 84 000 books, 82,000 being ascribed to Buddha himself and 2,000 to his disciples, writes Max Muller in the Nineteenth Century. Book, however, seems to have meant here no more than treatise or topic.

But, as a matter of fact, the Pali Canon consists, according to the Rev. R. Spence Hardy, of 275,250 stanzas, and its commentary of 361,550 stanzas, each stanza reckoned at thirty-two syllables. This would give us 8,802,000 syllables for the text and 11,569,600 syllables for the commentary. This is, of course, an enormous amount: the question is only whether the Rev. Spence Hardy and his assistants, who are responsible for these statements, counted rightly. Prof. Rhys Davis, by taking the average of words in ten leaves, arrives at much smaller sums, namely, at 1,752,800 words for the Pali Canon, which in an English translation, as he says, would amount to about twice that number, or 3,505,600 words. Even this would be ample for a Bible; it would make the Buddhist Bible nearly five times as large as our own; but it seems to me that Spence Hardy's account is more likely to be correct. Professor Rhys Davis, by adopting the same plan of reckoning, brings the number of words in the Bible to about 900,000. We found it given as 773,692. But who shall decide?

What the bulk of such a work would be we may gather from what we know of the bulk of the translations. There is a complete copy of the Chinese translation at the India Office, in London, also in the Bodleian, and a catalogue of it, made by a Japanese pupil of mine, the Rev. Bunyiu Nanjio, brings the number of separate works in it to 1,632. The Thibetan translation, which dates from the eighth century, consists of two collections, commonly called the Kanjur and Tanjur.

The Kanjur consists of 100 volumes in folio, the Tanjur of 225 volumes, each volume weighing four or five pounds. This collection, published by command of the Emperor of China, sells for £630. A copy of it is found at the India Office. The Buriates, a Mongolian tribe converted to Buddhism, bartered 7,000 oxen for one copy of the Kanjur, and the same tribe paid 12,000 silver rubles for a complete copy of both Kanjur and Tanjur. What must it be to believe in 325 volumes, each weighing five pounds—nay, even to read through such a Bible!

Let Him Alone.

Why should anybody concern himself particularly about Ahlwardt? A multitude of cheap, empty men and women are constantly trotting around this country lecturing on one queer thing or another that no one has any particular interest in. Why pick out Ahlwardt from the rest of the windy peripatetic pack as a mark for especial consideration? The only reason, apparently, is that he comes from a foreign country, where he gained a little passing notoriety by excelling in bigotry and blackguardism, and that the subject of his lectures is at once more stupid and more daring than the generality of subjects taken by the host of lecturers.

Ahlwardt doesn't like Jews. Perhaps he doesn't like wienerwurst. We should scarcely take him seriously if he came all the way from Germany to tell us about that; yet the one fact is quite as important as the other, each being merely a question of Ahlwardt's particular taste. If he were left to himself his experience would not be dissimilar to that of scores of other queer lecturers. He would attract meager audiences of deadheads and idle curiosity-seekers, with here and there an unfortunate person who agreed with him in a prejudice against the Jews. Whether these scant audiences accorded him the meed of their applause or the addled eggs of their disapprobation would be a matter of indifference to the public.

If a German of the most mediocre ability, not recommended by an unusual degree of wit or learning or eloquence, of dubious repute in his own land, should come over here and tell us that all our troubles are attributable to red-headed people, his going and coming would be quite unnoticed—unless, unfortunately, the mistake were made of treating him as though he constituted a serious menace to our peace; of getting hysterical about them.—Editorial in Chicago *Record.*

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